

Better safe than sorry—fit **"Triplex"** all round

# COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. LXXXIX. No. 2296.

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MISCELLANEOUS ANNOUNCEMENTS

GENERAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

Advertisements for this column are accepted at the rate of 2d. per word prepaid (if Box Number used 9d. extra), and must reach this office not later than Friday morning for the coming week's issue.

All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "COUNTRY LIFE," Southampton Street, Strand, London.

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GENERAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

(continued.)

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EDUCATIONAL

THE TRIANGLE Secretarial College, South Molton Street, W.1. May, 5306-8. Residential Branch: Gerrards Cross, Bucks.

SOLUTION to No. 572

The winner of this crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of January 11, will be announced next week.

B M S H D I G G E R  
B L E A K H O U S E R O  
A R O R A N N A L S  
A C C I D E N T A L N E  
K A I L W I D O W  
P F G A Z E L L E C I  
O P E R A A A C A I N  
R A L A M M A S A N D  
T O T A L E E R A T O  
U H E V A N G E L L W  
G R E E D S A R M  
U R P H E N O M E N O N  
E M B R Y O V W A N  
S E S T E P L A D D E R  
E N D I V E N S Y Y

ACROSS.

1. A product of Wiltshire (two words, 6, 6)
8. What certain light properties are (7)
9. They may have to be made in gaining freedom (7)
11. Having bled round the ear, all becomes dim (7)
12. Hitler, for instance, in the rôle of Attila (7)
13. An exudation (5)
14. "And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far—voices prophesying war."—Coleridge (9)
16. An Edward (9)
19. "The justice In fair round belly with good-lined."—Shakespeare (5)
21. Jack's behaviour (7)
23. A spell that may send you flying (7)
24. Our national emblem metamorphosed for the Navy, perhaps (two words, 3, 4)
25. "10 nails" (anagr.) (7)
26. A product of Renfrewshire (two words, 7, 5)

DOWN.

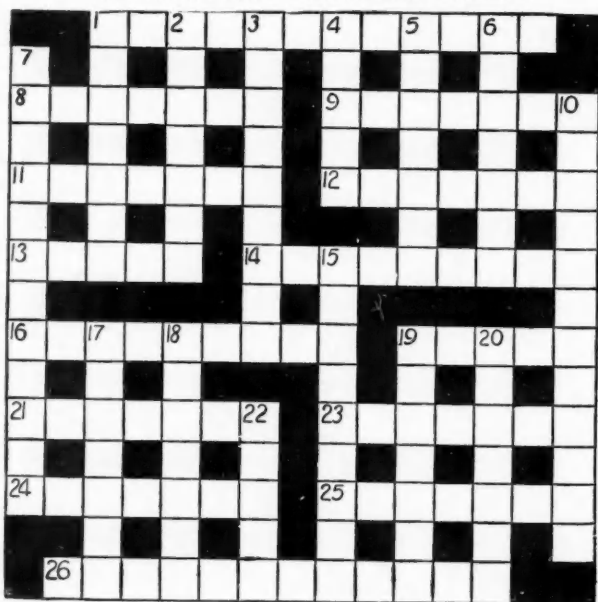
1. Set news, but arranged in a far from dry form (7)
2. Marathon? In it the end is reached eventually (two words, 4, 3)
3. Islanders from the north (9)
4. Game that gives 100 to the deputy leader (5)
5. Counts by figures, perhaps, or necks, for a change (7)
6. A ruler in temper or by virtue of his position (7)
7. Products of Oxfordshire (two words, 7, 5)
10. An island product (two words, 8, 4)
15. They don't mean that the Coles have an automobile; on the contrary, they have to do with horsemanship (9)
17. "R.A. again" (anagr.) (7)
18. Improves (7)
19. Musical composition (7)
20. For one too much in the sun (7)
22. For something to turn on (5).

"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 573

A prize of books to the value of two guineas, drawn from those published by COUNTRY LIFE, will be awarded for the first correct solution to this puzzle opened in this office. Solutions should be addressed (in a closed envelope) "Crossword No. 573, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," and must reach this office not later than the first post on the morning of Friday, January 24, 1941.

The winner of Crossword No. 571 is Mrs. Frederick Robinson, 16, Bradmore Road, Oxford.

"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 573



Name .....

Address .....

ALL ADVERTISEMENTS FOR "COUNTRY LIFE" should be addressed ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT, GEORGE NEWNES, LTD., TOWER HOUSE, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 4363.

# COUNTRY LIFE

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AND COUNTRY PURSUITS.

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Published Weekly. Price ONE SHILLING.  
Subscription Price per annum. Post Free.  
Inland, 63s.6d. Canadian, 59s. Foreign, 63s.

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land.

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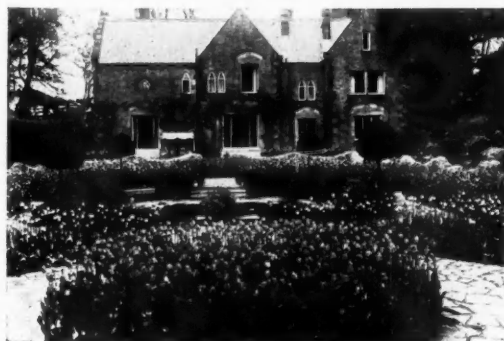
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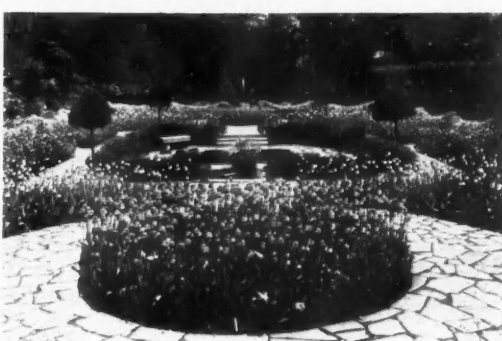
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MAIN ELECTRICITY. GARAGE. CENTRAL HEATING.

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Kitchen garden and woodland, ensuring complete privacy.

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6 BATHROOMS.	EXCELLENT OFFICES.		
Electric light.		Central heating, etc.	

Many thousands of pounds have been spent in installing improvements and putting the property in thorough order and condition.

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COTTAGE.

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3 Cottages. Garages. Stabling. Farmery.

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**3 ACRES. £4,000**

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Basins in 4 bedrooms.

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**GROUND OF 1¼ ACRES**

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Long drive with lodge, panelled hall, 3 reception, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, compact offices with servants' hall, 2 staircases.

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PRICE £8,500 (£3,000 left on Mortgage)

WOULD SELL WITH 30 ACRES.



500ft. up. In splendid order. ½ mile from main road.

Hall and 3 sitting rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom.

Main electricity.

EXCELLENT BUILDING.

STABLING AND GARAGE.

ATTRACTIVE GARDENS.

LAND IN RING FENCE: EASILY WORKED.

JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1. (L.R. 17,680.)

### RURAL SOMERSET



FOR SALE.

With early vacant possession.

65 ACRES: FARMERY, 2 COTTAGES.—A most comfortable COUNTRY RESIDENCE, situated in one of the most lovely spots in this favourite county; everything in first-rate order. The Residence is surrounded by well-timbered gardens which, in turn, are encircled by park-like lands; 3 sitting rooms, 8 bedrooms (lavatory basins), 2 bathrooms: electric light and central heating; stabling and garage, farmery, 2 superior cottages. PRICE FREEHOLD £7,500. A really attractive proposition. Sole Agents, JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1. (L.R. 11,359.)

### UNDER 10 MILES FROM NEWBURY



114 ACRES. PRICE £6,500 or reasonable offer.

THIS ATTRACTIVE COUNTRY RESIDENCE stands in a small park, in a high situation, commands lovely views, and is approached by a winding drive; bus service passes drive entrance: 3 sitting rooms, 7 bedrooms, dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms.

Electric light and central heating.

Cottage, fine range of outbuildings; simple gardens; well timbered.

Inspected and recommended by JAMES STYLES and WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1. (L.R. 18,212.)

Telephone:  
Grosvenor 2252  
(6 lines)

## CONSTABLE & MAUDE

2, MOUNT STREET, LONDON, W.1

### WILTSHIRE STONE-BUILT HOUSE WITH FINE VIEWS.

7 principal bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms.

Usual offices.

Central heating. Main electric light, gas and water.

Stabling. Garage. Cottage.

3 Paddocks.

For Sale or might be Let on Lease

Agents: CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

### FARM INVESTMENTS

DISTRICT.	ACRES.	PRICE.	RENT.
GLOUCESTER	195	£5,500	£225 p.a.
NORTHANTS	180	£5,750	£280 p.a.
SOMERSET	93	£8,000	£300 p.a.
WARWICK	228	£40 per acre	£400 p.a.

Agents: CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, MOUNT STREET, W.1.

Telephone No.  
Regent 4304.

## OSBORN &amp; MERCER

MEMBERS OF THE CHARTERED SURVEYORS' AND AUCTIONEERS' INSTITUTES

28b, ALBEMARLE STREET,  
PICCADILLY, W.1.

## SOMERSET-WILTS BORDERS

*In a picturesque rural setting, enjoying absolute seclusion.***CHARMING OLD MANOR HOUSE**  
*of great historical interest and possessing many delightful old-world features.*with 3 reception, 6 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.  
Main water. Electric light.**OLD TUDOR COTTAGE**

The pleasure gardens are most attractively disposed and, together with enclosures of grassland, extend to

**ABOUT 4½ ACRES****Well-stocked Trout Stream**

For Sale by OSBORN &amp; MERCER. (M.2194.)

## AGRICULTURAL INVESTMENT

**1¼ HOURS NORTH OF TOWN**Well-let **Block of Farms** in first-class Dairy Country, producing over**£700 PER ANNUM**

Company's water. Title free.

For Sale by OSBORN &amp; MERCER.

## BUCKS

500ft. up, commanding exceptionally good views.

**A WELL-BUILT MODERN RESIDENCE**with 3 reception, 6 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.  
Main services. Central heating.For Sale with over **5 ACRES**

Agents, OSBORN &amp; MERCER. (17.245.)

## SOMERSET-WILTS-DORSET BORDERS

**A DELIGHTFUL COUNTRY HOUSE**

with modern appointments and containing 3 reception, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

**2 Cottages. Stabling. Paddocks.**For Sale with **24 ACRES** (or less if required).

Inspected by OSBORN &amp; MERCER. (17.183.)

## BEDS AND BUCKS BORDERS

Within 10 miles of Leighton Buzzard, Bedford and Luton.

*In fine unspoilt rural surroundings.***A DELIGHTFUL OLD HOUSE OF CHARACTER**

3-4 reception, 9 bedrooms, bathroom.

Main electricity and drainage. Main water available.

**Garage. Stabling.**

Attractive well-timbered grounds, orchard, paddock, etc.

**ABOUT 6½ ACRES****FOR SALE AT MODERATE PRICE**

Agents, OSBORN &amp; MERCER. (M.2191.)

3, MOUNT STREET,  
LONDON, W.1.

## RALPH PAY &amp; TAYLOR

Telephones:  
Grosvenor 1032-33.

## PICTURESQUE HERTFORDSHIRE

*Hitchin 3 miles. Secluded, amidst farmland.***FASCINATING TUDOR FARMHOUSE**

with beautiful period interior. Completely restored at great cost. Luxuriously fitted.

Ready to occupy.

2 reception, 5 bedrooms (all with h. and c.), 4 bathrooms.

Main water and electricity. Central heating.

GARAGE. THATCHED GARDEN ROOM. 2 FINE BARNES.

GARDENS OF 2 ACRES. MORE LAND COULD BE HAD.

**FREEHOLD £4,000. WOULD LET FURNISHED**

This unique property has only become available and is highly recommended by RALPH PAY &amp; TAYLOR, as above. (12.620.)

## BEAUTIFUL PART OF WEST SUSSEX

*Fine Views of South Downs. 8 miles Horsham.***DISTINCTLY PLEASING OLD HOUSE**

The Home of a famous Author. In spotless order and condition, large sums having been spent recently. Secluded position away from all noise.

3 reception, 9 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms. Central heating. Main electricity and water.

GARAGES FOR 3 CARS. 2 VERY GOOD COTTAGES.

GARDENS, ORCHARDS AND PADDOCKS; IN ALL 10 ACRES.

**A DEFINITE BARGAIN. £6,500 FREEHOLD**

Fresh in the market for sale, this really charming place should be inspected. Apply, RALPH PAY &amp; TAYLOR, as above. (12.672.)

## HANTS

*Few miles Basingstoke.***FIRST-RATE MODERN RESIDENCE**

15 bed, 5 baths, large hall and reception rooms, excellent domestic offices.

Central heating. Modern conveniences.

Stabling. Garages. Cottages.

**DELIGHTFUL GROUNDS**

with Hard Tennis Court and Swimming Pool. Home Farm.

**IN ALL 236 ACRES**

Vacant possession of Residence, remainder of Estate let.

For Sale as a whole, or Residence can be had with about 30 Acres.

Highly recommended by Sole Agent, S. GORRINGE, 14, Clifford Street, London, W.1. Regent 6144.

## EXORS. SALE.

## VACANT POSSESSION.

**ONE-THIRD OF COST WILL BE ACCEPTED FOR QUICK SALE.**

## HASLEMERE

*Station 3 miles. Lovely rural position.***A FIRST-CLASS PROPERTY****READY TO WALK INTO.**

3 fine reception, 5 principal bedrooms, 3 staff bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, complete offices with staff sitting room. Co.'s services: central heating; electric power and clocks, etc. Fitted regardless of cost. 5 Cottages. Garages. Stabling. Lovely Grounds. 26 ACRES and Meadows. Expensive A.R.P. Bomb and Gas Proof Shelter. Inspection invited. The above offers a remarkable opportunity. Apply Sole Agents, CURRIE &amp; WEST, Haslemere, Surrey; and at Hindhead.

**LAND, ESTATES AND OTHER PROPERTIES WANTED****A MILLION CAPITAL TO INVEST BY WELL-KNOWN TRUST!****WANTED.**—COUNTRY ESTATES and FARMS, preferably well timbered. Please forward full particulars (which will be confidentially treated) to Mr. C. LESLIE GILLOW, F.A.I., 28, St. Peter's Street, St. Albans, Herts.**WANTED TO PURCHASE.** modern equipped HOUSE OF CHARACTER. Central heating, minimum 8 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, nice garden with small acreage, about 25 miles out; must be S.W. of London, preferably Berkshire district, near village or town. Advertiser will pay good price for suitable property. Please send full confidential particulars to Mr. B. RAND, FORTNUM & MASON, LTD., 182, Piccadilly, W.1.

## FURNISHED HOUSE TO LET

## WORCESTERSHIRE

**OWNER** of dignified GABLE RESIDENCE in own Grounds will Let Furnished for duration. 4 reception, 8 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 2 garages, beautifully furnished, antiques. Gardens overlook valley. Central heating; electricity; good water. 20 Guineas weekly inclusive. Owner retain three gardeners and supply all produce. Cottages available for staff if required.—Ref. A.23824, LEONARD CARVER & CO., 31, Waterloo Street, Birmingham 2.**FOR SALE.**—FREEHOLD. SAFE COUNTRY AREA. Detached SEMI-BUNGALOW, brick built. 3 bed, 2 tiled bathrooms, large lounge, hall, cloak room, labour-saving kitchen, garage. All main services to house and garage. Large conservatory. Built-in air raid shelter. £1,250. Vacant possession on completion. GODFREY, Kismet, Biddulph, Stoke-on-Trent.**LEICESTERSHIRE AND ADJOINING COUNTIES**  
**HOLLOWAY, PRICE & CO.,**  
(ESTABLISHED 1809.)  
**MARKET HARBOROUGH.**  
**LAND AGENTS, AUCTIONEERS, VALUERS****FOR SHROPSHIRE, HEREFORD, WORCS., etc., and MID WALES, apply leading Agents:** ('Phons.)  
**CHAMBERLAINE-BROTHERS & HARRISON, SHREWSBURY. 2061.)****SALISBURY & DISTRICT.**—ESTATE AGENTS.  
**MYDDELTON & MAJOR, F.A.I., Salisbury.****HAMPSHIRE & SOUTHERN COUNTIES**  
17, Above Bar, Southampton. **WALLER & KING, F.A.I.**  
*Business Established over 100 years.***DEVON AND S. & W. COUNTIES**  
THE ONLY COMPLETE ILLUSTRATED REGISTER.

Price 26.

SELECTED LISTS FREE.

**RIPPON, BOSWELL & CO., F.A.I.,**  
(Est. 1884.) **EXETER.**



# GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS

Telephone No.:  
Grosvenor 1553 (4 lines.)

(ESTABLISHED 1778)

25, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

And at  
Hobart Place, Eaton Sq.,  
12, Victoria Street,  
Westminster, S.W.1.

## IN GLORIOUS WEST SUSSEX

Between Midhurst and Petersfield. In a lovely countryside away from military objectives and commanding a magnificent view.



**TO BE SOLD.**—An expensively built and thoroughly well-appointed RESIDENCE, containing 7 bed, 3 bath and 3 reception rooms (large), etc. Electricity, central heating, etc. Garage and lodge; long drive; swimming pool. Inexpensive well-timbered gardens, a small wood, etc.; some 17 ACRES in all. Capital bus service passes. Price, etc., from Owner's Agents, GEORGE TROLLOPE and SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.1. (D.2575.)

## WESTERN COUNTIES

NEAR MARKET TOWN.



**ARCHITECT-BUILT RESIDENCE**  
3 reception. Study. 5 bed and dressing. 3 baths. Main electric light and water, modern drainage, central heating.  
**DOUBLE GARAGE. 2 ACRES OF GROUND FOR SALE FREEHOLD**  
Particulars of GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.1. (C.7071.)

## BUCKS

UNSPOILED DISTRICT. 40 MILES LONDON.



**SMALL CHARACTER HOUSE**  
Mainly Queen Anne. Drive approach. 9 bed, dressing, bath, 3 reception rooms. Main electric light and drainage. Main water available. GARAGE. STABLING.  
**OLD GARDENS.**  
Tennis Court. Orchard. Paddock.  
**7 ACRES. £3,800**  
GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.1. (C.6625.)

## MORE RECENT APPLICATIONS TO BUY RECEIVED BY GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS

**BETWEEN LONDON, WORCESTER AND BIRMINGHAM.**—CHARACTER HOUSE with 12 bedrooms, etc., and about 100 Acres. Replies to "P.E.R." (1,536.)

**IN THE WALLINGFORD AREA.**—A well-appointed HOUSE with 8-10 bedrooms, etc., 20-50 Acres if possible. Cottage or Lodge great asset. Replies to "G.H.S." (C.80.)

**RIVERSIDE PROPERTY.**—Maidenhead to Richmond for choice. 5-7 bedrooms, billiards room if possible, boathouse (wet preferred); 2-5 Acres. Up to £5,000 for something really nice. (B.798.)

**DEVONSHIRE, near Exeter preferred.**—A well-appointed Manor House type RESIDENCE with 12 bedrooms and about 300 Acres. Replies to "F.C.R." (1,534.)

**HERTS.**—On high ground and near Berkhamsted liked. A HOUSE with 7 bedrooms and 2 bathrooms, etc.; quiet and secluded garden; no land. Replies to "Miss M." (C.79.)

**HERTS, BUCKS OR BEDS for choice.** A HOUSE of some character with 6 or more bedrooms; matured grounds and several paddocks. Replies to "C.L.D." (B.791.)

**BETWEEN WARGRAVE AND GUILDFORD.**—A HOUSE with about 9 bedrooms (not more) and 25-30 Acres, more if necessary. Up to £12,000. Replies to "A.B.S." (1,533.)

**25 MILES OF BRISTOL.**—A small HOUSE, 5-8 bedrooms enough; not modern but modernised and Co.'s services essential. About 10 Acres if possible. Replies to "M.D." (C.78.)

**BETWEEN LEITH HILL AND GODALMING for choice.** A really outstanding but quite small place. 7 bedrooms and 5 Acres as minimum, but somewhat larger all round preferred. Replies to "E.C.K." (1,537.)

**NEAR NEWBURY OR ANDOVER.**—A HOUSE with 7-9 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms (liked) and 3 or 4 ACRES. Co.'s services if possible. Replies to "A.C.B." (C.81.)

**IN THE GODALMING AREA.**—Brook much liked. A small HOUSE and GROUNDS; 5 bedrooms, 2 baths and 3 sitting rooms. Well treed garden. Replies to "Sir G.D." (B.80.)

**1,000 OR SO ACRES IN DORSET or SOMERSET** for investment with or without a large HOUSE. Good agricultural and social district essential. Replies to "S." (1,532.)

All Care of GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, London, W.1.

'Phone: Grosvenor 2861.  
'Grams: "Cornishmen, London."

# TRESIDDER & CO.

77, SOUTH AUDLEY STREET, W.1

**£30 MONTHLY.**  
3 months minimum. Offer for duration.

## HANTS

(BETWEEN PETERSFIELD AND SOUTHSEA).

### MODERNISED COUNTRY HOUSE

Lounge hall, 3 reception, 3 bathrooms, 6 bedrooms (4 double).

Main water and electric light.

Central heating. H. and C. throughout. Telephone.

GARAGE FOR 3. STABLES.

2 ACRES WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS.

### HARD TENNIS COURT

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (18,021.)

## COTSWOLDS £3,250

6 miles from Kenble.

### RESTORED SMALL CHARACTER FARMHOUSE

3 reception. 2 bathrooms. 5 bedrooms.

Central heating. H. and C. in bedrooms. Main electric light.

GARAGE.

INEXPENSIVE GROUNDS, wood and grassland.

23 ACRES, with Stream.

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (18,932.)

## FISHING AND SHOOTING RIGHTS.

### MERIONETH

BEAUTIFUL POSITION.

### FARMHOUSE

with electric light.

3 bedrooms, bathroom, 2 large reception rooms.

RENT FURNISHED,  
5 GUINEAS PER WEEK.

5-roomed Cottage and Barn also available.

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1.

## WANTED

### WELSH BORDER COUNTIES

Within 10 miles of reasonable rail facilities London.

### MIXED FARM, 150-400 ACRES

Additional hill-grazing an advantage.

6-bedroomed House.

Electric light and water supplies essential.

Rough Shooting and Fishing desirable.

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1.

### WANTED

by Private School.

### PARTLY FURNISHED or UNFURNISHED HOUSE

(12-15 bedrooms), within 60 miles N. or W. or S.W. of London.

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1.

### WANTED

to purchase. N. to W. of London.

### 50-150 ACRES OF LAND with fairly MODERN SMALL HOUSE

Immediate possession not essential.

"S.M." TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1.

### WANTED

to buy, within about 30 miles Warwick.

### GOOD FARMING PROPERTY up to 500 ACRES

Part in hand preferred.

"B." TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1.

### WANTED

COTSWOLDS OR OXON. HIGH UP.

### GOOD COUNTRY HOUSE

With modern conveniences. To Purchase.

"Capt. G.W.P." TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1.

### WANTED

in Devon, to purchase an

### INTERESTING OLD HOUSE

with from 70 to 200 Acres Fertile Land.

"A.G." TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1.

### WANTED URGENTLY

within 100 miles W. or N. of London, in relatively safe area.

### COUNTRY HOUSE

20-30 rooms, for College.

To Rent Furnished or Unfurnished. Might Buy.

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1.

£4,000. GREAT BARGAIN

## FALMOUTH HARBOUR

on Southern slope of wooded valley, 6 miles Falmouth, 10 Truro.

### DELIGHTFUL MODERN RESIDENCE

in excellent order.

HALL. 3 RECEPTION. 2 BATHROOMS.

5 BEDROOMS.

Main electricity.

2 GARAGES. BOATHOUSE.

### LOVELY GROUNDS OF 4 ACRES

Frontage to Fal Estuary.

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (17,320.)

£3,250, OR WOULD SELL WITH FURNITURE

## BASINGSTOKE 2 MILES

### CHARMING VILLAGE HOUSE

BILLIARD ROOM. 2 RECEPTION. 2 BATH.

7 BEDROOMS.

Main electricity. Central heating.

GARAGE FOR 2. STABLING.

### GROUNDS OF 3 ACRES

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (25,608.)

£5,000. RARE OPPORTUNITY.

1-mile Trout Fishing.

## DEVON

Beautiful part of Dartmoor.

### CHARMING GRANITE-BUILT HOUSE

4 reception, billiard room, studio, 2 bathrooms, 7 bedrooms.

Electric light. Central heating. Telephone.

Garage, stabling, farmhouse and buildings.

LANDSCAPE GARDENS SLOPING TO RIVER.

Bathing pool. Pasture and arable.

65 ACRES

Land easily let if not wanted.

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (17,052.)

5, MOUNT STREET,  
LONDON, W.1.

## CURTIS & HENSON

Telephones:  
Grosvenor 3131 (3 lines.)  
ESTABLISHED 1875.

### DEVONSHIRE

#### ATTRACTIVE MODERN HOUSE

built of brick, roughcast, with overhanging gables and Delabole slate roof.

Set in a peaceful and secluded position, high up in beautifully wooded country.

4 RECEPTION ROOMS.  
13 BEDROOMS.  
3 BATHROOMS.  
USUAL OFFICES.

Central Heating.  
2 COTTAGES.

GARAGE AND STABLING.



#### CHARMING GARDENS AND GROUNDS

well wooded, with sloping lawns, lily pond, formal garden, wild garden, swimming pool.

IN ALL ABOUT 600 ACRES  
of which 450 are woodland and the arable is let.

#### TO BE LET UNFURNISHED

Trout Fishing. Golf.

CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street,  
W.1. (15,431A.)

**SOMERSETSHIRE** (near to Exmoor and the Quantock Hills).—INTERESTING OLD HOUSE, of Tudor origin, in grounds sheltered by stately trees, 4 reception rooms, billiards room, 12 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, extensive domestic offices. Telephone. Main electricity available. Swimming pool. Stabling for 7. Garage for 3 cars. Old-world grounds with 2 tennis courts, kitchen garden, 3 paddocks; in all about 35 Acres. For Sale Freehold or to Let, Furnished.

CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (14,052.)

**SOMERSETSHIRE** (Yeovil 7 miles).—STONE-BUILT HOUSE, with old mullion windows, standing in finely timbered grounds, 3-4 reception rooms, 11 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, model offices; electric light, main water; garage and stabling; gardener's cottage; charming gardens and grounds, interspersed with specimen timber trees, walled kitchen garden and pastureland; in all about 9½ ACRES. Hunting and golf. For SALE Freehold at a Reduced Price.

CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (16,325.)

**STAFFORDSHIRE** (Stoke-on-Trent district and within half-an-hour's drive of Dovedale). Artistic MODERN RESIDENCE, strongly built, with cement cream-coloured surface and slated roof. 3 large reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, expensively fitted bathroom. Electricity and heating. 2 Garages. Beautifully arranged Garden. Tennis court and lawn. South aspect and open views. TO LET FURNISHED or FOR SALE with or without 5 Acres of grounds.

CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (15,477A.)

#### 40 MILES FROM LONDON A CHARMING RESIDENCE

built in the farmhouse style; up to date and in first-class order throughout.

3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

Main water, gas and electricity.

Garage (for 2 cars), 2 excellent cottages, delightful playground.

Lawn tennis court. Prolific kitchen garden.

BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS of very great charm: fine woodland merging into heathland and several paddocks.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD WITH ABOUT  
25 TO 71 ACRES.

Golf at Hindhead. Riding over miles of commonland.

Confidently recommended by the Sole Agents:  
CURTIS & HENSON. (16,432.)

### DORSETSHIRE

WITHIN 1 MILE OF VILLAGE AND 2 MILES OF THE STATION.

#### A SMALL COUNTRY HOUSE IN BEAUTIFUL PARK-LIKE GROUNDS.

Approached by a long carriage drive.

3 RECEPTION ROOMS, EXCELLENT OFFICES,

4 PRINCIPAL BEDROOMS.

2 SERVANTS' BEDROOMS, 2 BATHROOMS.  
(H. and c. water supplies to bedrooms and cloakroom.)

Ample water supply. Central heating.  
Electric light. Telephone.

2 LARGE GARAGES. 4 GOOD LOOSE BOXES.

SECLUDED GROUNDS, including a squash court;  
in all about 20 ACRES.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD AT A REASON-  
ABLE PRICE

Recommended: CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount  
Street, W.1. (15,321.)



## F. L. MERCER & CO.

SPECIALISTS IN THE DISPOSAL OF COUNTRY ESTATES AND HOUSES

SACKVILLE HOUSE, 40, PICCADILLY, W.1.

Telephone: REGENT 2481.

### IN A BEAUTIFUL PART OF DEVONSHIRE

A WELL-APPOINTED GEORGIAN RESIDENCE OF GREAT CHARACTER

#### MINIATURE PARKS OF NEARLY 40 ACRES

1 mile from pretty village approached by long  
entrance drive.

18 miles Torquay; Thurlestone, 7 miles; and  
Dartmouth, 15 miles.

MODERNISED AT CONSIDERABLE EX-  
PENSE THREE YEARS AGO BY PRESENT  
OWNER

embracing a complete system of modern  
central heating, electric heating, as well  
as up-to-date fireplaces.



LONG ENTRANCE HALL AND HAND-  
SOME SUITE OF 4 RECEPTION ROOMS,  
including

PANELLED DINING AND DRAWING  
ROOMS, MORNING ROOM AND STUDY,  
TILED DOMESTIC OFFICES.

4 PRINCIPAL BEDROOMS with washbasins,  
and 2 BATHROOMS en suite.

4 SECONDARY BEDROOMS AND BATH-  
ROOM, DRESSING ROOM, BOXROOM.

Main electric light and water.

GARAGE FOR 4 CARS.

STABLING AND CHAUFFEUR'S FLAT

4-ROOMED ENTRANCE LODGE.

#### MOST BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS

with many fine old trees; flower and herbaceous  
borders; walled kitchen garden and park-like  
meadows.

OWNER ON ACTIVE SERVICE REASON FOR  
IMMEDIATE SALE.

TEMPTING PRICE. FREEHOLD



Full particulars from the Sole Agents, Messrs. F. L. MERCER & Co., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.1. (Entrance in Sackville Street.) Tel.: Regent 2481.

(For continuation of F. L. MERCER & Co.'s advertisements see page x.)

14, MOUNT STREET,  
GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

## WILSON & CO.

Telephone:  
Grosvenor 1441 (three lines.)

### ON THE BORDER OF SUSSEX XVth CENTURY HOUSE



with  
40 ACRES

10 bedrooms,  
4 bathrooms,  
Lounge,  
3 reception  
rooms.

A beautifully  
appointed place  
with

LOVELY  
GARDEN.

3 COTTAGES.

FOR SALE

Agents: WILSON & Co., 14, Mount Street, W.1.

### NEAR BURY ST. EDMUNDS AND NEWMARKET XVth CENTURY MANOR



with  
350 ACRES

Rich in old oak  
and  
characteristic  
features.

9 bedrooms,  
3 bathrooms,  
3 reception  
rooms.

RECENTLY  
RENOVATED.

FOR SALE

Agents: WILSON & Co., 14, Mount Street, W.1.

### GLORIOUS POSITION IN A BEAUTIFUL AND SPORTING PART OF THE COTSWOLDS



#### HISTORIC TUDOR MANOR HOUSE

Superbly appointed and in perfect  
order. With fine oak panelling  
and fireplaces.

Hall, 5 reception rooms, 8 prin-  
cipal bedrooms, 5 staff rooms,  
5 bathrooms.

Central heating. Main electricity.

First-class Garages and Stabling.  
Home Farm, Dover House and  
5 Cottages. Glorious old Gardens.  
New Hard Tennis Court. Bathing  
Pool. 1 mile Fishing in stream  
intersecting the property.



A VERY FINE ESTATE OF 176 ACRES FOR SALE AT A REASONABLE PRICE

Agents: WILSON & Co., 14, Mount Street, W.1.

## F. L. MERCER & CO.

SPECIALISTS IN THE DISPOSAL OF COUNTRY ESTATES AND HOUSES  
SACKVILLE HOUSE, 40, PICCADILLY, W.1.

Telephone: REGENT 2481.

### BEST PART OF SUSSEX SMALL COUNTRY ESTATE IN A SAFE SITUATION.

CHARMING AND WELL-APPOINTED  
CHARACTER HOUSE

with central heating throughout and fitted wash basins  
in principal bedrooms.

3 RECEPTION,  
8 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS,  
3 BATHROOMS.

ELECTRIC LIGHT. GARAGE.

STABLING AND SMALL FARMERY.

PRICE FREEHOLD £5,750  
with 30 ACRES

AN EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY.

Agents: F. L. MERCER & Co., Sackville House,  
40, Piccadilly, W.1. (Entrance in Sackville Street.)  
Tel.: Regent 2481.

### WITHOUT EQUAL IN TO-DAY'S MARKET

A SHOW PLACE ON A SMALL SCALE AND OF ABSOLUTELY UNIQUE  
CHARACTER

44 miles south-west of London on the borders of HAMPSHIRE and SURREY.  
AMIDST LOVELY COUNTRY.

#### A MASTERPIECE OF TUDOR REPRODUCTION

STANDING IN OVER 8 ACRES OF DELIGHTFUL GROUNDS BOUNDED BY A RIVER AND WOODS

LAKE, SWIMMING POOL (40FT. by 20FT.), AND MANY OTHER SPECIAL FEATURES.

THE HOUSE, FULL OF CHARACTER, HAS CENTRAL HEATING, BASINS IN BEDROOMS,  
MAIN ELECTRICITY, GAS AND WATER, AND CONTAINS LOUNGE HALL WITH COCKTAIL  
BAR, LARGE DRAWING AND DINING ROOMS, 6 BEDROOMS, 2 LUXURIOUSLY-APPOINTED  
BATHROOMS.

Unique guests' cottage with 2 rooms, kitchen and bathroom. Spacious garage.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD with immediate possession

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SURREY AND HAMPSHIRE BORDERS. ONE MILE FROM THE INTERESTING OLD COUNTRY TOWN OF FARNHAM

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Surrounded by uncommonly attractive pleasure grounds  
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3 reception rooms, loggia, 8 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.  
Main electric light, gas and water.

GARAGE. FULL-SIZED TENNIS LAWN.

Paved terrace with lovely views, formal paved garden  
with lily pond.

Pine wood with picturesque walks; many fine speci-  
men flowering and evergreen shrubs.

7 ACRES. FREEHOLD

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A Unique Home of Peaceful Charm  
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(For continuation of F. L. MERCER & Co.'s advertisements see page ix.)



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## JOHN D. WOOD & CO.

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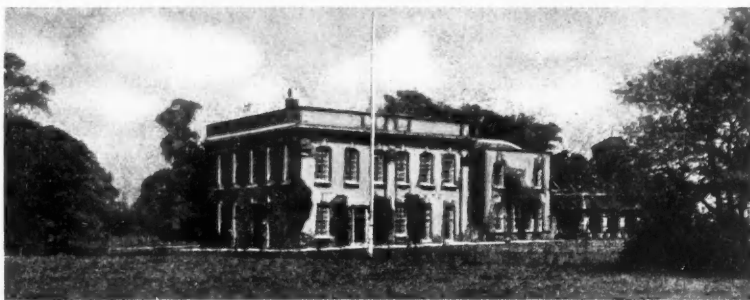
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in a lovely position adjoining 2 large  
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WITH PANELLED ROOMS  
AND OTHER FEATURES OF  
THE PERIOD.



Recommended by JOHN D. WOOD & CO., 23, Berkeley Square, London, W.1. (40,256.)

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4 reception rooms.

Main electric light.

Central heating.

STABLING. GARAGE.  
3 COTTAGES.

INEXPENSIVE GROUNDS  
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In all about  
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*Management of all classes of property carefully undertaken and closely reported upon during these eventful times.*

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### A SELECTION OF UNIQUE CHARACTER HOUSES FOR SALE, SITUATED IN REASONABLY SAFE LOCALITIES

**£6,500** 25 MILES—NORTH. ELIZABETHAN MANOR. 6 BEDROOMS. BATHROOM. MAIN WATER AND ELECTRICITY. GARAGES. TITHE BARN AND USEFUL PERIOD FARMBUILDINGS. 40 ACRES. (2,018.)

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**£5,000** EDGE OF WINDSOR FOREST. LUXURIOUS MODERN HOUSE. 8 BEDROOMS. 5 BATHS. ALL SERVICES. HEATING GARAGE. COTTAGE. GARDENS A FEATURE BOUNDED BY WOODLAND. 7 ACRES. (WOULD LET FURNISHED AT ONCE FOR WAR DURATION.) (11,906.)

**£4,850** 30 MILES OUT—ADJACENT BEAUTIFUL FOREST. MODERN TUDOR-STYLE HOUSE ERECTED A FEW YEARS AGO. 6 BEDROOMS. BATHROOM. ELECTRIC LIGHT AND WATER. CENTRAL HEATING EVERYWHERE. GARAGES. LODGE AND COTTAGE. GARDENS AND PADDocks. NEARLY 6 ACRES. (12,662.)

**£4,950** LITTLE-KNOWN HERTS. 16TH CENTURY MANOR. 7 BEDROOMS. 2 BATHS. MAIN ELECTRICITY AND WATER. HEATING. GARAGES. MATURED GROUNDS. 6 ACRES. (2,038.)

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**£4,000** BETWEEN NEWBURY AND READING. UNIQUE SPECIMEN QUEEN ANNE HOUSE. 6 BEDROOMS (5 with h. and c.). 2 BATHS. MAIN WATER AND ELECTRICITY. GARAGE. GARDENS AND PASTURE. (12,668.)

All these properties are offered with immediate or early possession and are recommended by Messrs. RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, 3, Mount St., Grosvenor Sq., W.1

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**SOUTH HAMPSHIRE**

CLOSE TO THE BORDERS OF THE NEW FOREST.

2½ miles from main line station. 12 miles from Bournemouth. Situated 200ft. above sea-level. South aspect.

**FOR SALE FREEHOLD**

**THIS DELIGHTFUL SMALL  
RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY**

with soundly-constructed house standing  
well back from the road.

6 principal bedrooms, 4 servants' rooms,  
dressing room, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception  
rooms, billiards room, maids' sitting room,  
complete domestic offices.



For particulars and order to view apply FOX & SONS, Land Agents, Bournemouth.

"Aga" cooker.  
Company's water and electric lighting.

GARAGE FOR SEVERAL CARS.  
STABLING. OUTBUILDINGS.  
2 BUNGALOWS. 2 COTTAGES.

THE GROUNDS include pleasure  
garden and lawns, large kitchen garden,  
grassland; the whole extending to an area  
of about

**48 ACRES**

**PRICE £6,000 FREEHOLD**

**SUSSEX**

7 miles from Midhurst. 6 miles from Petersfield.

A VERY DELIGHTFUL PROPERTY SITUATED IN PLEASANT SURROUNDINGS AND HAVING EXCEPTIONALLY FINE VIEWS FROM ALL  
THE PRINCIPAL ROOMS.

**THE RESIDENCE**

has half-timbered elevations and is soundly  
constructed, the accommodation ar-  
ranged so as to obtain the maximum  
amount of sun.

5 bedrooms, boxroom, fitted bathroom,  
entrance and dining room (having fine  
carved oak panelling), lounge (with  
magnificent oak panelling), morning  
room, kitchen and complete domestic  
offices.



Garages. Store-rooms.  
Potting sheds. Summer house.  
Company's electric lighting.

The GARDENS and GROUNDS are a  
particularly charming feature of the  
property and have been most cleverly laid out  
and are easily maintained. There are a  
wide expanse of lawns, rockery (with lily  
pond and fountain), kitchen garden,  
orchard and paddock; the whole extending  
to an area of about

**6½ ACRES**

For particulars and price apply to FOX & SONS, Land Agents, Bournemouth, who have inspected and can thoroughly recommend the property to prospective purchasers.

**BEAUTIFUL NEW FOREST**

Situated well away from the road amidst delightful surroundings. South aspect. Gravel soil.

**FOR SALE FREEHOLD**

**THIS VERY ATTRACTIVE  
COMPACT  
MODERN RESIDENCE**

Built in the Manor House style and  
enjoying fine woodland views.

9 good bed and dressing rooms (lavatory  
basins in many of the rooms), 3 bathrooms,  
drawing room (27ft. by 16ft., with oak  
floor and partly oak panelling), dining room  
(18ft. by 15ft.), morning room (20ft. by  
16ft., with oak beams and partly oak  
panelled).

Servants' Hall.

Good Domestic Offices.



Particulars and price can be obtained of FOX & SONS, Land Agents, Bournemouth.

MAIN WATER.  
ELECTRICITY AND GAS.  
CENTRAL HEATING.  
(Independent boiler.)

EXCELLENT ENTRANCE LODGE  
(suitable for a gentleman's residence,  
containing 3 bedrooms with lavatory  
basins, 2 sitting rooms; numerous out-  
houses, 2 garages. Main water and  
electricity.)

Garage for 3 cars. Glasshouses.  
Tastefully arranged Gardens and Grounds.  
Productive kitchen garden, oak copse,  
good pastureland, heather land; the  
whole extending to an area of about

**37 ACRES**

**SOUTH HAMPSHIRE**

Close to 18-hole golf course and only 8 miles from Bournemouth.

**AN ATTRACTIVE OLD-WORLD BUNGALOW  
COTTAGE RESIDENCE**

recently the subject of considerable expenditure by the present owner.

2 BEDROOMS, BATHROOM, DELIGHTFUL SITTING ROOM,  
KITCHEN WITH "BEESTON" BOILER, SCULLERY.

NICE GARDEN WITH FLOWER BEDS, LAWN, ETC.

Although not at present connected, the cottage will have the advantage  
of all the public services.

**PRICE £675 FREEHOLD**

For orders to view apply FOX & SONS, 44-52, Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth

**HAMPSHIRE**

**TO BE LET FURNISHED FOR DURATION OF WAR**

CONSIDERED IMMUNE FROM ENEMY ATTACK.

**A CHARMING RESIDENCE**

In a delightful well-wooded country, about 16 miles from Bournemouth, close to old-world  
village, with superb appointments and up-to-date conveniences.

6 principal bed and dressing rooms, 3 secondary bedrooms, 3 boxrooms, 3 bathrooms,  
lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, billiards room, cloak room. Excellent domestic  
offices. Reinforced air-raid shelter.

Central heating. Company's water. Own electricity.

GARAGE FOR 3 CARS.

BEAUTIFUL GARDENS

including lawns, ponds, partly walled Kitchen Garden, Italian Garden and Shrubberies.

**IN ALL ABOUT 3 ACRES**

For further particulars apply FOX & SONS, Land Agents, Bournemouth.

**FOX & SONS, HEAD OFFICE, 44-52, OLD CHRISTCHURCH ROAD, BOURNEMOUTH (11 BRANCH OFFICES)**

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OFFICES

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'Grams: "Estate  
Harrods, London."

KNIGHTSBRIDGE HOUSE,  
62/64, BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.1

West Byfleet  
and Haslemere,  
Riviera Offices.

## READING. (8 MILES) c.2

Occupying a picked position on a terrace and commanding very fine views.

## AN ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE



## CAREFULLY MODERNISED.

3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, dressing room, 3 bathrooms, offices.

Main electric light and water. Complete central heating.

## HEATED GARAGE.

Secondary garage, bungalow with 3 bedrooms, detached double bedroom for maids. The terraced gardens are worth special mention; small orchard and 3 paddocks; in all about 12 ACRES.

## FREEHOLD FOR SALE

Recommended as an attractive house beautifully fitted throughout.

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## NEW FOREST BORDERS. ABOUT 48 ACRES

PRICE £6,000

c.3



## A MOST ATTRACTIVE COUNTRY RESIDENCE

in unspoilt surroundings.

3 reception rooms, billiards room, 10 bedrooms, bathroom.

COTTAGES. GARAGE. FARMERY.

WELL-MATURED PLEASURE GARDENS AND FARMLAND

HARRODS, LTD., 62-64, Brompton Road, S.W.1. (Tele.: Kensington 1490. Extn. 807.)

## OXON. 600FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL c.3



## XVIIIth CENTURY FARMHOUSE

in lovely Cotswold country.

3 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

Electric light. Co.'s water.

## 2 GARAGES.

WALLED GARDEN, ORCHARD; in all about 1½ ACRES.

## A GREAT BARGAIN AT £2,000

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## WORCESTERSHIRE c.2

Extensive views. Occupying a splendid position in one of the safest parts of the country, with unsurpassed outlook to the Cotswolds.



## CHARMING RESIDENCE

BUILT BY ARCHITECT.

3 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, capital offices.

Electric light, central heating and modern conveniences.

SWISS CHALET SET IN WATER GARDEN; ORCHARD; VEGETABLE GARDEN, ETC.

IN ALL ABOUT 4 ACRES.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Strongly recommended by HARRODS, LTD., 62-64, Brompton Road, S.W.1. (Tele.: Kensington 1490. Extn. 809.)

## AN AMAZING BARGAIN c.4

ONLY £1,500 FREEHOLD

A quarter of a mile of trout-fishing in the main stream of the River Wylye.



## FASCINATING OLD CHARACTER COTTAGE

with 2 reception rooms, 3 bedrooms, etc.

Co.'s electric light. Good water. GARAGE (for 2 or more cars).

## LOVELY OLD-WORLD GARDENS

with shady walks, 2 paddocks; in all about 2 ACRES.

## IMMEDIATE INSPECTION ADVISED

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## NEWBURY. 3 MILES c.4



## LABOUR-SAVING RESIDENCE

surrounded by woodlands and common land.

Large square hall, 2 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.

Co.'s electric light and water. Modern drainage.

GARAGE. USEFUL OUTBUILDINGS.

INEXPENSIVE GROUNDS WITH KITCHEN GARDEN, ETC.

## STRONGLY RECOMMENDED

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*If fire disturbs the peace of your village . . .*



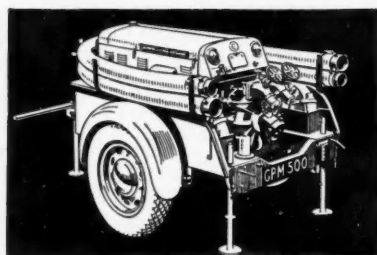
**are you equipped ?**

to cope with it quickly and effectively

Cottage and countryside are now in the front line and must meet the menace of incendiarism with adequate fire protection. "GODIVA" Trailer Fire Engines, for comparatively low capital outlay can be installed at any village, estate, large house or farmstead, and voluntary or estate workers quickly trained as an effective fire-fighting force able to cope with outbreaks anywhere in the surrounding district. Over 7,000 "GODIVA" units are being used with complete success by Regular and A.F.S. Brigades all over the country . . . you cannot have better proof of their efficiency and quality. "GODIVA" are BEST.

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### **TRAILER FIRE ENGINES**



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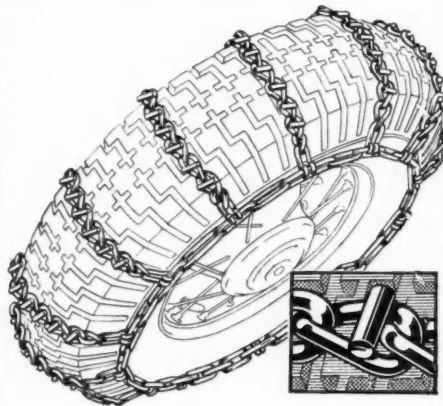
**The margin**  
between Governmental  
demands for K.L.G. plugs and  
our maximum output is small:  
delays in fulfilling private orders  
are sometimes unavoidable,  
when they occur—we beg  
your indulgence.

K.L.G. SPARKING PLUGS LTD.  
PUTNEY VALE, LONDON, S.W.15.

**the old . . .** Owing to the proved superiority of Parsons' latest invention, the Bar-Reinforced Cross Chain, it has been decided to discontinue manufacturing the Zig-Zag Tyre Chain which for so long has enjoyed the reputation of being the finest Non-Skid Tyre Chain on the market.



**the new . . .** Parsons' exclusive invention, Bar-Reinforced Cross Chains, is the outcome of unrivalled experience and research in Non-Skid Chains. Careful tests and observation over a long period have proved that the De-luxe Ladder Pattern Non-Skid, with Bar-Reinforced Cross Chains (type 'DL,' as illustrated) affords a better tractive grip, is as efficient in preventing sideslip, and gives longer wear than the older Zig-Zag pattern. It is, moreover, approximately 15% cheaper in price.



★ For emergency use fit Parsons Bar-Reinforced Tyre Grips—three or four to a wheel.

## **Parsons Tyre Chains**

Parsons are privileged to be the main suppliers of Tyre Chains for Government Departments . . . but every effort will be made to meet road users' requirements because Parsons realise that the maintenance of road communications is an essential part of the war effort!

**PARSONS CHAIN CO. LTD.,** Worcester Road, Stourport-on-Severn, Eng.

# COUNTRY LIFE

SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1941

Vol. LXXXIX. No. 2296.



*Harlip*

## THE HON. MRS. COOPER-KEY

161, New Bond Street, W.1

The Hon. Mrs. Cooper-Key is the elder daughter of Viscount Rothermere and of Mrs. T. A. Hussey, of Athelhampton Hall, Dorset, and her marriage to Mr. Neill Cooper-Key, Irish Guards, elder son of the late Captain E. Cooper-Key, C.B., M.V.O., R.N., and of Mrs. Cooper-Key, of Landford, Fleet, Hampshire, took place last Saturday.



# COUNTRY LIFE

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"Country Life" Crossword No. 572 p. ii.

POSTAL CHARGES.—The Editor reminds correspondents and contributors that any communications requiring a reply must be accompanied by the requisite stamps. Notice is given that MSS. submitted will not be returned unless this condition is complied with.

POSTAGES ON THIS ISSUE: INLAND 2d., CANADA 1½d., ABROAD 2d.

## THE LONG-TERM POLICY

THE Minister of Agriculture, when he told us some weeks ago that the present basis of guaranteed prices would be prolonged for a year after the war ended, launched himself into an ocean of dispute which he might well have avoided if he had only persuaded his colleagues in the Cabinet to agree to extend the guarantee further. It was said at once: we all know that at the end of the war, if precedents are even vaguely followed, the world will be full of accumulated stores of food ready to be transported to our own and other European countries, and bound, however much we might theoretically wish it otherwise, to be accepted by peoples clamouring for the restoration of the old food standards of pre-war times. In the process the home markets will no longer be able to take home produce unless the guarantee continues or unless arrangements are come to beforehand to control the tide of invasion. It will be friendly invasion, in any case so far as our Dominions and the American States are concerned. But unless it is controlled by pre-arrangement, it will be none the less disastrous. To this fact the Government, if we may judge by what Mr. Hudson has said, are prepared to agree. The importance of preparing a long-term policy for home agriculture, based on such an Empire policy as was agreed upon at Sydney, appears to be accepted by the Ministry of Agriculture as the only alternative to prolonging their present system of price guarantee indefinitely. It is sometimes suggested that it would be impossible to negotiate such agreements in such circumstances. The answer is that, thanks largely to Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith, they have been negotiated already. Sir George Courthope refers back to the Sydney Conference of Empire Producers. It was unique not only for its representative character but for the unanimity with which the findings were reached. Those findings gave us—so far as current facts and figures were concerned—an essentially sound basis for an Empire agricultural policy. By this time, had war not broken out, good progress would already have been made in putting a sound scheme of reciprocity into action; but, unfortunately, the war has put the Empire producers in a position where the machinery contemplated by the Sydney resolutions is impossible to devise. That is all the more reason why action should be taken as early as possible to reach a similar agreement the moment it can be attained.

On February 3rd, 1939, the House of Commons adopted by 203 votes to 107 a resolution favouring "the method of regulating imports as agreed upon by the Empire Producers' Conference at Sydney." Sir Percy Hurd, who was responsible for initiating the debate, tells us that throughout the discussion it was recognised that gluts benefit nobody; that a depressed price hits everybody—even the consumer, for his apparent benefit is temporary and demoralising to the market. On the other hand, the orderly regulation of markets benefits all. During the debate Mr. Cedric Drewe, Parliamentary Private Secretary to the Minister of Agriculture, who was a delegate at the Sydney Conference, in seconding the resolution, emphasised the value of its unanimous agreement that an Empire organisation should be set up by producers to regulate the flow of Empire primary products into this country through commodity councils financed and controlled by the producers themselves. Government approval itself was given by Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith, who himself had played a most important part at the Conference. Indefinite delays, however, cannot be brooked. In the words of Sir George Courthope, it has already been made clear that there is no intention of setting up a Reconstruction Ministry and that the Cabinet and our existing Government departments are to be left to devise our post-war reconstruction plans. As he says, the Minister of Agriculture has already dealt with the subject in a public statement to the effect that he will take the industry into his confidence

before he puts his long-term policy before the Cabinet. In this case he can hardly ignore the agreements reached at Sydney, and Sir George suggests that he should quickly take the initiative in convening a second Empire Conference so that he may be fortified not only with the support of the home agriculturists but with that of Empire farmers as a whole. Sir Percy Hurd, in backing this suggestion up, says that, in view of the time that must be occupied by preliminary arrangements between the scattered Governments concerned, the initial steps cannot too soon be taken by our own Ministers.

### "B.-P."

TO be known the world over by his initials a man must be not only great but greatly loved. Victorian England however, when it had recovered from the excitement of Mafeking, decided that it was rather shocked by the lengths to which General Baden-Powell's popularity and personality had gone, even while admitting the crucial success of the results. But elderly Victorian England did not yet know what B.-P. had in him. Nor, it may be, did B.-P. That ever youthful and most untypical soldier remained ever too modest to admit that he was the incarnation of a new spirit emerged to revitalise an old hide-bound world. Yet the instant success of the Scout movement, which he initiated largely out of his own hobbies and simple convictions, proved that he had evolved something—creed, régime, philosophy—for which the youth of the world was waiting. The idea is a simple one, but nobody but he, with his brilliant talents, electric energy, yet old-fashioned goodness, could have "put across" and guided this queer crusade. In another age, another country, B.-P. would be either canonised as a saint or acclaimed as a demigod. Others have perverted his idea of a "youth movement" to found a poisonous pyramid of death and slavery. "The Chief," having done his work and seen that it was good, betook him to his beloved woods, and though his country at length bestowed on him some of the honours that he deserved, found that happiest of states, a home in an English village.

### PLANNING RECONSTRUCTION

MR. ARTHUR GREENWOOD'S appointment to review problems of post-war reconstruction follows closely on Lord Reith's report to the Cabinet on the material aspect of the question. The opinion seems to be that this is a substitute for, rather than the prelude to, a Ministry of Reconstruction, and that the outcome may be an *ad hoc* Planning authority. The nature is not yet known of Lord Reith's conclusions from his preliminary survey of the Ministry of Works and Buildings' field of activity, but it will be surprising if both he and Mr. Greenwood are not brought up against the anomaly by which various aspects of planning are at present shared out among half a dozen ministries and committees. The Ministry of Health has town planning, the Board of Trade industrial planning, but not the location of industry, the Dominions and Colonial Offices questions of overseas relations (on which industrial planning hinges), the Ministry of Agriculture directs production but does not plan food or the land, the Ministry of Transport plans roads irrespective of everybody else. Satellites to this constellation are such bodies as the town-planning committees of the cities needing reconstruction, and such valuable but unrelated organisms as the Royal Academy Committee on replanning London which have semi-official approval but no status. Ultimately the policies to be worked out by each of these departments hinges on Empire planning, which in its turn depends upon the world-pattern issuing from our peace-aims. So complex a problem, not to speak of the complexities of departmental inter-action, obviously demands an over-riding and supreme planning authority. It may well be thought that a Ministry of Planning, rather than of Reconstruction, to which all these planning functions of other departments should be surrendered and there co-ordinated, is the nation's greater need.

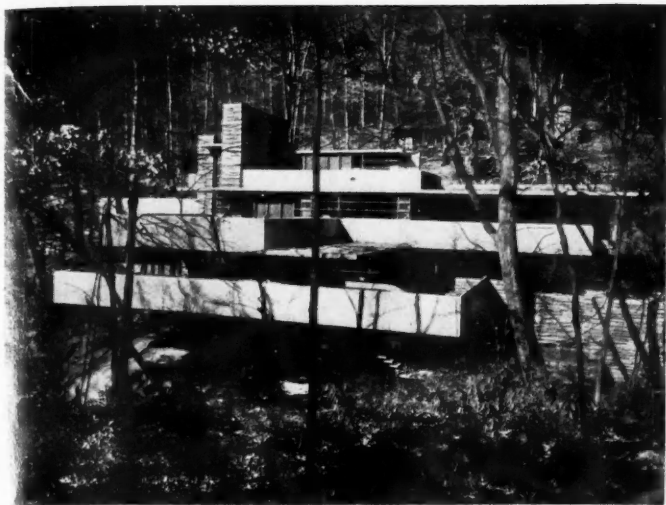
### THE CITY CHURCHES

PUBLICITY was given to the fortunate survival of the silver plate of St. Laurence Jewry in the recent Blitz, owing to its having been put in the safe. But it was the least artistically valuable of the church's possessions. Were any measures taken to protect others of them? Have any of the City churches put in places of safety their removable fittings—fonts, font-covers, sword-rests, pulpits, and carved woodwork? The Grinling Gibbons reredos of St. James's, Piccadilly, was bricked up and has consequently survived. Since the incendiary attack on the City, every movable fitting should be put either in the church's crypt or sent to some safe place. The President of the R.I.B.A. has appealed for voluntary helpers and assistants for covering in and saving the damaged churches. It is even more important to take precautions for those as yet surviving, and they comprise most of the finest.

### THE CHEESES OF CHEAPSIDE

AMID the many indignant regrets for many beautiful and historic buildings in the City of London, a word is due to a humbler one which yet had a tradition and many old friends of its own. We are told that Simpson's in Cheapside, the home of the Fish Ordinary, has been burnt out. There used to be great moments there. One was when, after the first course of fish, the Chairman (with something subtly antique in his attire) would say: "Ladies and gentlemen, according to our ancient custom we will retain our knives and forks." Another was when the magnificent cheeses made their appearance, and, also "according to our ancient custom," we were given little bits of paper and set to guess their height, weight and girth. The greatest of all, of course, must have come when someone, supremely clever or fortunate, guessed all three dimensions correctly and the event was





"FALLING WATER," NEAR PITTSBURGH, U.S.A.  
house cantilevered over a waterfall. One of Frank Lloyd Wright's most recent buildings.

celebrated. Even to get one right was a feat to produce solemn congratulations from the Chairman. Let us hope that the house will rise from its ashes and the cheeses continue their glorious and baffling career.

#### CLARE REVISITED

It was a rainless winter day;  
The twigs stood out against the blue  
Like children who would have their way;  
A robin hopped the hawthorn through.

Aloft nor bird, nor plane; the road  
This way and that was emptiness;  
The spindle-tree's fast-thinning load  
Dangled, but somehow seemed to bless.

Behind, in the wide-streeted town,  
New figures walked, both maids and men;  
The khaki'd Jock scanned up and down  
The evacuated citizen.

A lorry passed the churchyard wall  
With slate-spruce flying boys inside;  
They did not heed the square at all,  
They laughed, archangels open-eyed:

Almost as if in this one spot,  
By sudden miracle ordained,  
Peace, banished from our mortal lot,  
Now everlastingly remained!

E. H. W. MEYERSTEIN.

#### A MAJOR PROPHET OF ARCHITECTURE

"I ACCEPT. Gratiated that during this terrific war England can think of honouring an architect. A culture like that can never lose." So Mr. Frank Lloyd Wright, "greatest architectural genius of our time," cables acknowledgment of the King's award to him of the Royal Gold Medal of Architecture. In the spring before the war Londoners had the privilege of meeting the handsome, dignified, silver-haired American of whose ideas and name we in this country had been hearing with varying degrees of comprehension for a generation. We saw colour-films of some of his buildings while he talked musically of space and sunlight and fluidity and the earth. . . . It was a moving experience in both senses of that epithet—revolutionary, romantic, inspiring. But when anybody asked "What exactly is Frank Lloyd Wright's architecture?" it was, and indeed is, extremely difficult to explain. There is that concrete house built over a waterfall, there are memorable motion-glimpses of strange coloured forms in sun-baked prairies, of bronzed adolescents hewing rocks at Taliesin (the sage's school in Wisconsin), the Tokyo hotel that rode the earthquake on a concrete raft. But one cannot point to a type of building or architectural style and say: "That is Frank Lloyd Wright." Or rather, and this is the measure of his genius and influence, one must wave both arms over all the most advanced architecture of Holland, post-war Germany, and, more dubiously, of France and this country. For it is his ideas, his prophetic principles for building and living—realised for Europeans inevitably at second hand, more often at third or fourth—that reveal him as the most profound architectural thinker of our age. One of the big innovations in design traceable to him is the "free plan" principle—the idea of house and garden interpenetrating one another. Then there is the decentralisation idea in regional planning, which Wright began preaching early in the motor-car age. Another, and he would say his fundamental, principle is that a building should grow out of the earth, taking its materials and form from the site. It is over this principle that many of our younger architects differ from him. They maintain that this is a scientific age, of synthetic materials, which architecture must grapple with intellectual and social requirements rather than with rocks and tree-trunks.

## A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

Marble for Mussolini—Moles and Bombing—Three Improvements—A New Cattle-Feed

By MAJOR C. S. JARVIS

BY the time these Notes appear the fall of Bardia will be ancient history, and what remains of Graziani's much-advertised Egyptian invasion army will be well back within its own frontiers, where apparently its position is none too secure. It is particularly gratifying to hear that the spearhead of the thrust into the formidable Italian defences was entrusted to the Australians, and this was a very wise selection on Sir Archibald Wavell's part, for experiences in the last war proved that there was nothing to equal Australians for rapidity of movement and *élan* in pushing the attack home. The only complaint ever made against the Australians in the attack was that they took more positions than they were asked to carry, and this is a fault on the right side. Judging from Bardia, the 1941 vintage of Australians is as good as that of 1915, and one cannot award very much higher praise than that.

It has been alleged that Hitler registers his annoyance, when his carefully laid plans go awry, by chewing carpets and other floor coverings. I do not know enough about dictators and their indoor pastimes to say if Mussolini is addicted also to meals off interior furnishings in moments of stress. If he is he will want something quite substantial on which to bite to register his chagrin over Sidi Barrani and Bardia, and the only thing to suit the occasion seems to be one of those marble memorial columns Graziani carried with him to erect at various points along the victorious way to Egypt to commemorate his glorious advance. The only trouble is that in the hurry of re-packing for the return journey it is doubtful if he remembered to bring one back with him.

WHY are moles working so late this, the second, year of the war? Every morning when there is not a stiff frost to interfere with surface work I see new mounds of piled-up earth and signs of those long under-turf runs that mole-lovers tell us have a very good effect on gardens as they aerate the soil. Are the moles inspired by this "Dig for Victory" slogan that Stephen Gwynn commented on in a recent issue of COUNTRY LIFE, or is it due possibly to those rural bombings the German pilots indulge in when they do not feel like facing the A.A. guns and, dropping their "sticks" in the fields and by-ways, go back with an eye-witness's account of railway stations and oil refineries blown sky-high? The mole's nerve system is particularly developed to enable him to feel the slightest vibration of the ground.

Normally the lucky little fellows pack up about the end of November, draw the black-out curtains, and slumber until they hear the first spring notes of the thrush, or the first roots of the up-thrusting primrose penetrate to their bedchambers. I like to think that those first manifestations of spring that we above-ground mortals appreciate so much have also an inspiring effect on the underground mole, urging him to be up and doing with a straight run through the autumn-sown onions and four beautiful symmetrical pyramids of black earth in the centre of the lawn. Now I am afraid that some professional mole-watcher will write to the Editor pointing out that a mole would not hear a thrush's note, as his ear has no conches, and secondly, he would be much too far below the surface for primrose roots to penetrate to his bedroom. The village ironmonger, who had put his mole-traps away for the winter, has had to bring them out again to supply worried gardeners, but it is not easy to catch a garden mole with the ordinary trap, as apparently they move along their runs pushing a wad of earth in front of them to release the spring with just sufficient margin to miss their noses.

THE restrictions on motor manufacture and the very small number of new cars that are available suggest that there will be no improved models devised and put on the market until the war is over. This may not be quite such a bad business as it sounds, because some of the new "improvements" that have been put into reliable and well known makes have very little to recommend them. It would seem that perfection was more or less reached some years ago, and the new devices have been added, not because they were necessary or desirable, but solely because of the spirit of competition in the trade and the desire to go one better than rival firms.

As a case in point I might quote my own car, which is one of those popular makes peculiarly adapted to the needs and purse of the retired man. This is the third car of this particular type I have owned, so that I cannot be charged with prejudice against the make; but as it possesses three of these so-called improvements I would willingly hand it in and take back my old one in exchange.

THE first improvement consists of an additional fourth gear which necessitates an awkward movement of the gear handle when one wishes to go into reverse. I cannot see the slightest need for this extra low gear on the average English road. The only time I should use it would be in the event of having to negotiate a sand drift, which seems an unlikely contingency.

The second improvement has placed the radiator cap inside the bonnet instead of outside. In the primitive days before thoughtful designers tried to make things easier for us the radiator cap was in a most accessible spot at the top of the radiator. One turn of the wrist removed it, and another turn replaced it, so that as a matter of course one took a glance at the water level every time one took the car out. Now, however, one has to open the bonnet, hunt through the tool-bag for a pair of pliers that is not there, and finally use a tyre-lever to turn the tightly jammed screw inside. The perfect motorist would, of course, perform this act whatever the difficulty; but as the other ninety-nine per cent, to which category I belong, cannot be bothered, and leave it

to chance, the first indication they obtain of water shortage is a strong smell of frying oil.

The third improvement is a system of independent front springing which, in my experience, necessitates frequent garage repairs, and which wears out a new pair of front covers far more quickly than usual. This particular addition is supposed to make the car more comfortable and supple on the road, but the actual result is that unless the occupants of the back seat are sailors or hardened yachtsmen, it is necessary to give them a dose of a sea-sickness remedy every fifty miles.

THE shortage of new cars is resulting in some surprisingly aged ones making their appearance after years of oblivion in the back of the garage. Among them are seen occasionally some of the fabric bodies that were so popular ten years ago. As wise men foretold at the time, the fabric has not withstood the passage of years very successfully, and when fabric begins to go there is nothing to be done about it except glue on new pieces of stuff that more or less resemble the original material.

Many years ago I had a fabric car which I took on a fishing trip to Ireland. I think it must have been the first fabric model to visit Eire, for it caused comment wherever I went, and it was not only human beings that were interested, but animals as well. This was proved one day when I left the car on the banks of a lough while I was out fishing in a boat, for when I returned in the evening a herd of heifers had eaten it. I do not mean to say that they had chewed up the back axle and were masticating the differential, but they had torn off and consumed practically all the fabric, and I drove back to the hotel in a skeleton of a car with a few remaining streamers flapping in the wind.

The local garage proprietor showed great ingenuity and artistic taste in effecting temporary repairs with scraps of material obtained from the small general shop in the village, but his varied colour schemes, though glorious to behold, did not appeal to the Customs officials at Fishguard. According to my *tryptique* I had entered Ireland in a black fabric car, and they could not be brought to understand why I was returning with one that resembled their grandmothers' patchwork quilts.

## TREASURES OF TRINITY HOUSE

### THE LONDON HOME OF THE HISTORIC BROTHERHOOD OF SEAMEN

IT is typical of an enemy who makes war on lightships and light-houses that his blind malice should have destroyed, during the incendiary raid on the City, the lovely building on Tower Hill that is the home of the corporation for centuries responsible for the maintenance of these and so many other services to sailors of the Seven Seas. The origin of "the Guild, Fraternity, or Brotherhood of the Most Glorious and Undivided Trinity and of St. Clement in the Parish of Deptford-Strond (commonly called the Corporation of Trinity House)" is lost in the mists of antiquity—and the smoke of flames, for the earliest records perished in previous fires, in 1666 and 1714. But Henry VIII's charter of 1514 proves that the Brotherhood already existed and was, no doubt, similar to other mediæval seamen's guilds in other ports such as Newcastle, Hull, and Boston, one of which, the Guild of the Holy Trinity at Wisbech, has records going back to 1379. The London guild, apart from typical "Friendly Society" duties, was given by Henry VIII responsibility for the defence and pilotage of the Thames. With the establishment in 1520 of the Navy Board, these activities began rapidly to expand so that, when all semi-religious brotherhoods were dissolved by Edward VI, the Guild was much too important to lose and was transformed into a corporation. As such the early history of "the Trinity House" is an integral part of the history of the British Navy. One of its historians has written:

The Corporation performed the duties of the Naval Constructors of the present

day, designing ships as well as surveying and reporting on vessels hired or purchased for warlike purposes. It was their duty to determine the size and equipment of any fleet which left our shores. Not a gun, not a charge of powder, was placed on board any vessel without a Trinity House certificate. The victualling of the Navy was a special charge of the corporation, to which was also confided the valuable stores and building yard at Deptford. (C. R. B. Barret, *The Trinity House*.)

An Act of Elizabeth terms the Corporation "a company of the chiefest and most expert masters and governors of ships charged with the conduction of Her Majesty's Navy Royal," and during her reign the Lord High Admiral made over to it his traditional rights of "ballastage, beaconage, and bouyage," out of which has grown its principal contemporary duty—the care of lighthouses. From Sir Thomas Spert, first Master and claimed as Founder of Trinity House, who was also Clerk Comptroller of the King's Ships, most of our great sailors figure prominently in the records of the Corporation that have survived, especially so in Charles II's reign, when both Evelyn and Pepys were intimately connected with it. Evelyn is thought to have designed the beautiful old Trinity Almshouses that still stand at Deptford (the parish in which Evelyn's home, Sayes Court, stood and where he discovered Grinling Gibbons); and Pepys was twice Master, besides recording innumerable feasts and meetings in his Diary. It was in their time that Trinity House was moved from Deptford to Water Lane, to be near the Navy Office, where the new building was burnt in the Great Fire, and its



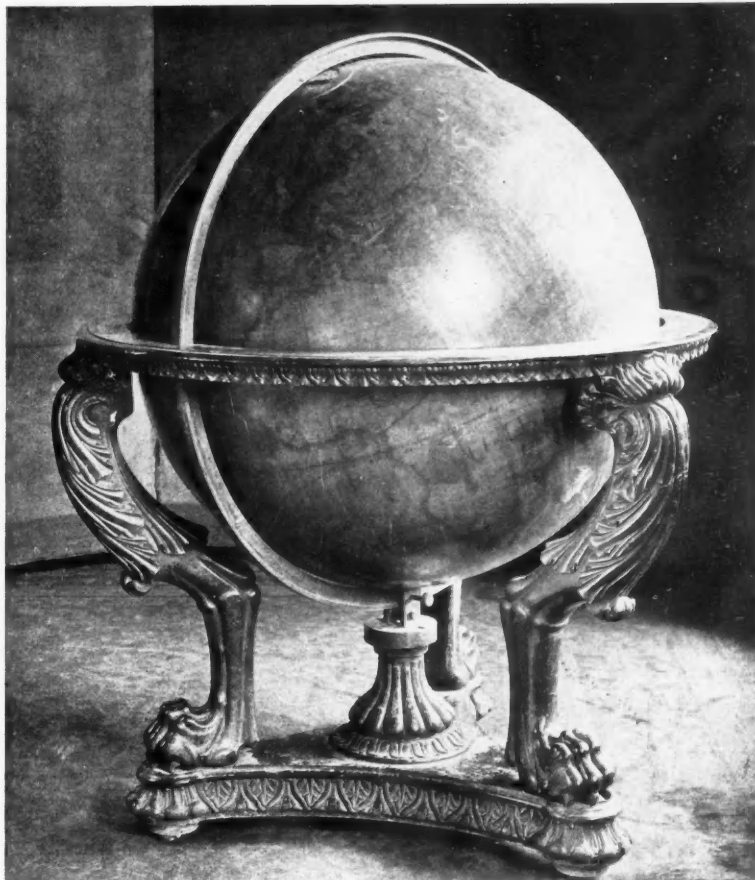
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"Country Life"

THE FRONT TO TOWER HILL

Built and probably designed by Samuel Wyatt, 1792-4; sculpture by Thomas Bacon. Only the shell now remains





(Top right) A REGENCY GLOBE

(Top left) THE ADAMS (1627) AND THE ARGALL (1612-13) STEEPLE CUPS

(Bottom left) THE SAILOR'S WIFE CLOCK. Marble and gilt metal, about 1798

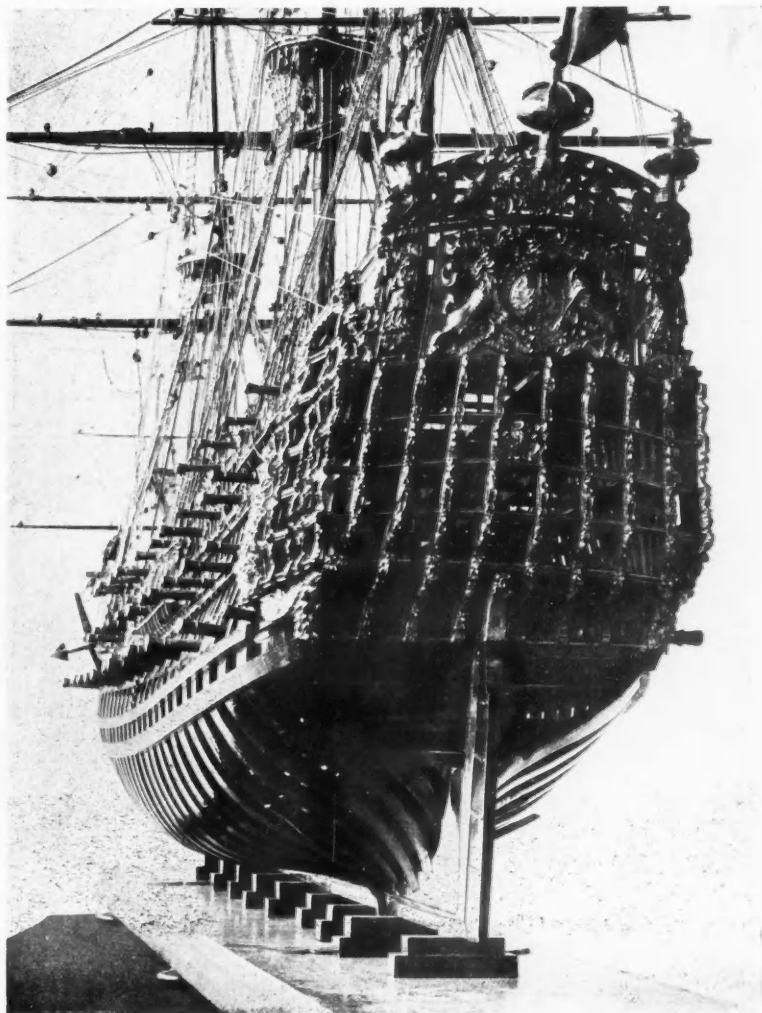
(Bottom right) THE LOYAL LONDON OF 1666. Model made for Sir Jeremy Smith by Jonas Shish of Deptford, 1674

successor in 1714. And many of the Corporation's most treasured possessions came down from that time, including the small but very fine collection of ship models. The gem of these is (or was) that of the *Loyal London*—the great three-decker given to the King by the City in 1666 and built at Deptford. Alas! she was destroyed, when the flagship of Sir Jeremy Smith, in de Ruyter's disastrous raid on Chatham in the following year. Sir Jeremy, who was not responsible for her loss and felt it bitterly, had the model made by Jonas Shish, the controller of the Deptford Yard, when he became Master of Trinity House in 1672.

The growth of the Admiralty after 1700 gradually robbed Trinity House of most of its naval duties—the control of Deptford Yard, the provision of victualling and stores. But so its sphere as the guardian of navigation developed. One of its earliest achievements was the building of the first Eddystone Lighthouse from Winstanley's design in 1694, which



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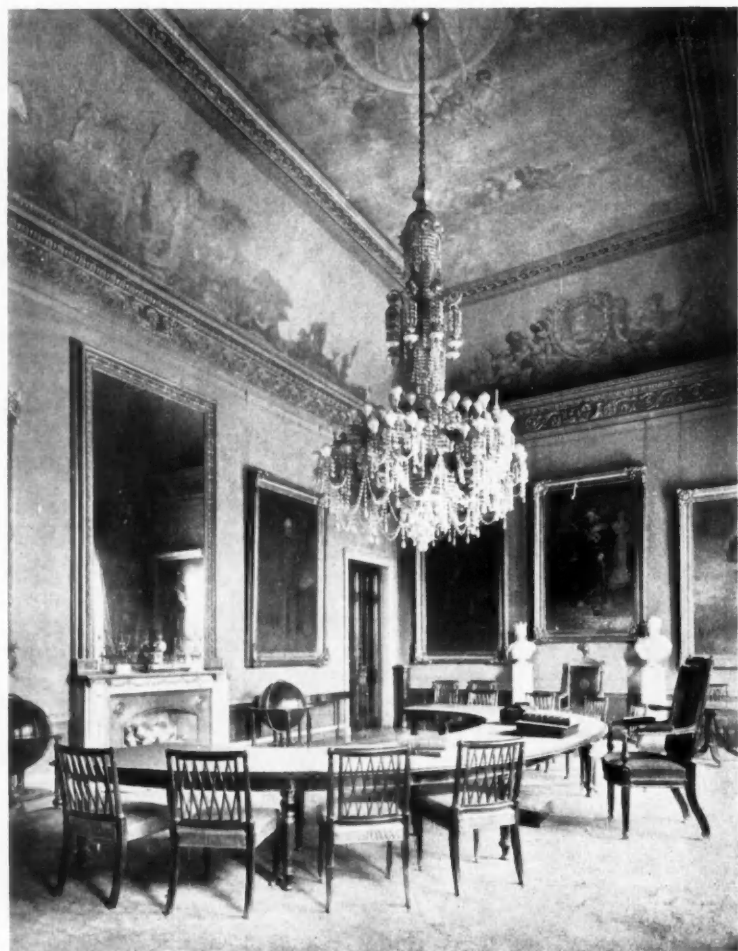


"Country Life"





THE SEMI-CIRCULAR STAIRCASE OPPOSITE THE ENTRY



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"Country Life"

THE COURT ROOM IN THE CENTRE OF THE FRONT

has been succeeded by three subsequent structures. Trinity House still controls the principal English lighthouses.

In 1792 it was decided to move the House to Tower Hill—near the site of Pepys's Navy Office. Though usually attributed to James Wyatt of Pantheon and Fonthill fame, the accounts show that the builder was his elder brother Samuel, who was also an architect of repute. It was James, however, who figured as architect in the vast painting by Gainsborough Dupont of "The Acting Elder Brethren and Officers" in 1794, which lined the curved wall of the graceful staircase. Mr. Anthony Dale's recent monograph on James Wyatt does not claim Trinity House as his work, so it may be left to brother Sam. The destruction of the interior is a sad loss to London's historic monuments. The Court Room, occupying the centre of the front on the first floor, had a painted ceiling representing "The Security and Prosperity of the British Nation arising from the Power of its Navy and the Extent of its Commerce," by Francis Rigaud, largely repainted by Holman Hunt. In this and the adjoining Master's Room hung many fine portraits, including Queen Elizabeth, and James I, and canvases by Van Dyck, Richardson, and others. Most of these, it is to be feared, have been destroyed.



A CHAIR FROM THE CAPTAINS' CLUB OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY

Two globes in the Court Room, by William Blaeu of Amsterdam, a pupil of Tycho Brahe, dated from Charles I's reign. Another splendid pair at the base of the stairs were of English Regency date. Most of the furniture, made for the house, was of delightful Sheraton type, with older individual pieces—such as a noble gilt chair from the Captains' Club of the East India Company, in the Adam style. The silver plate goes back to James I, two fine steeple cups dating from 1612 and 1627. Rose-water dishes and tankards, inkstands and flagons, many the gifts of sea captains, bring the series down to the present time. A charming and unexpectedly feminine possession was the clock on the Court Room chimneypiece, by James Grant. But it was specially designed for its place, as witness the Signs of the Zodiac round the base, the heap of nautical instruments, the vigilant cock, and, one likes to think, the anxious sailor's wife, scanning an atlas, wearing the latest Parisian *Directoire* gown and seated in a lovely *Empire* chair.

Air-borne fire destroyed this noble setting of one of our most ancient and honourable institutions. But water is surely and remorselessly avenging such losses, and, though the ceiling of the Court Room here has perished, the truth of its message grows more profound and far-reaching every day.

# "B.-P." AT HOME

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CHIEF SCOUT AS NEIGHBOUR AND COUNTRYMAN

By MAJOR A. G. WADE

"**G**OD made the countryside, the devil made the towns." The late Lord Baden-Powell accepted the truth of the saying, and never was the devil attacked in a more vital spot than when B.-P. took Scouting into the slums of our great cities.

He himself was a countryman in every sense of the word, and so in the country he must live. It was the writer's privilege to be his next-door neighbour and associate for twenty years, so that some aspects of the Chief Scout's day-to-day life can be given.

He and Lady Baden-Powell went house-hunting in 1918. By chance they happened on a pleasant property then called Blackacre. The grounds were ample without being pretentious, the quarter-mile drive leading from the main road to the house was wooded with a wide shady grass verge, ideal camping places for Scouts and with a rookery thrown in. The house was Victorian without any history, plain but easy to manage, with space on either end for wings to be added if necessary when funds permitted.

There and then the two Chiefs settled to live there. The property was bought just as peace was signed with Germany: hence the change of the somewhat gloomy name to Pax Hill.

Not long afterwards I returned to Imperial Scout Headquarters as chief organising secretary to the movement, with instructions to organise an International Boy Scout Jamboree at Olympia in August of 1920. The outcome of that great gathering, which filled Olympia for a fortnight, was the foundation of the Boy Scouts' International Bureau and the election of the Chief by the assembled nations to be Chief Scout of the World. Immediately after the Jamboree I had the good fortune to marry Miss Nugent, the Chief's "precious private secretary," who had worked with him through-

out those trying war years. The question where we were to live was settled by the Chief before it arose! We were to live in the Hampshire village where they had found a little house for us, and so in 1921 to Bentley we came, and straight away we realised what it meant to live next door to these two beloved people.

Nothing was too much trouble to make us comfortable in our new home. Lady B.-P. made the curtains for the windows, the Chief planted rose trees in our little garden, and under his wing I was introduced to the whole village, including Blackbird the Sweep, Bishop Chandler the Rector, Mr. R. B. Eggar the squire, whose family had resided here for the past four hundred years, and of course to the captains of the village cricket and football teams and, last but not least, to the Captain of the Tower, i.e., the captain of the church bell-ringers.

B.-P. had time for everything. The River Wey that forms the parish boundary in the south needed cleaning out, and re-stocking with trout. In days gone by these Hampshire chalk streams used to abound with trout: B.-P. set himself at once to restock the water. The Bentley dry-fly fishing club, which he founded, is a flourishing concern, and trout are running up to three and four pounds here now. He also initiated and led a campaign to provide a village hall, so that now we have a large, solid building for our games and play-acting, and a guard room for the Home Guard. Passers-by, too, must often have noticed the Bentley village sign which he was largely responsible for designing and erecting.

These activities, relaxations from all the other responsibilities requiring daily attention, were not enough for that virile brain and active body of his. Founding and building were only half the game; he himself must fish. He did so regularly and most successfully. It was a familiar sight, which the village loved, to see him in shorts and shirt, after a day in the office, stroll down to the river for the evening rise.

All his life B.-P. had a leaning to play-acting and this gift played an immense part in his career and achievements. His diaries are full of references to amateur theatricals in which he was taking part, and he loved to organise village concerts for the benefit of Bentley games or village charities. He always drew his own posters for these shows, and there was keen competition to secure them. Drawing (with both hands) was one of his talents, and he was a very sound artist. Many are the sketches he has made of the wild life in Bentley and of the grounds of Pax Hill. I have a delightful water-colour sketch of his (reproduced here) of the front of the house and the whole family gardening, and playing with their animals.

Even the humblest cottager was known by him, and if he saw a little cottage garden emerging out of what had been a dirty ash-strewn plot he used to write a note saying he was glad to see another garden in Bentley and that, in case the judges at the annual prize-giving for the best-kept gardens had overlooked this one, would the owner please accept the enclosed 10s. as an extra prize?

Christmas was an anxious time for B.-P. He had a nightmare lest some child in



LORD BADEN-POWELL WAS A KEEN ANGLER, AND LOVED TO ROAM THE COUNTRY IN SHIRT AND SHORTS. This photograph was taken while he was enjoying a day's fishing on the Hampshire Wey, which he restocked with trout

Bentley should be forgotten and go to bed on Christmas Night without having had a toy. And so, after tea on Christmas Day he used to come to me and we would go round the cottages where there were children. With him he brought large sacks of surplus toys from Pax, and outside the cottage doors we used to leave a bundle, knocking on the door before we left. He never showed himself on these occasions; the knock was to make sure that the presents would be taken in.

Pax itself was open house, all day, to all the world, and all the world came to see "the world's greatest schoolmaster." *The Times'* leading article, recording the death and doings of B.-P., ends with the words "he has had far too little recognition of all that he has done." This was not entirely the world's fault, for he shunned publicity unless it was for the work that he had in hand, and occasionally there was a Puckish humour in his self-effacement. I remember an occasion when, dressed as he generally was in very elderly clothes, some strangers coming up the drive mistook him for the gardener and enquired if Lord Baden-Powell was at home. Sizing up those particular visitors, B.-P. accepted the rôle and, truthfully enough, replied that he was afraid he was out.



THE VILLAGE SIGN AT BENTLEY, which Lord Baden-Powell was largely responsible for designing and erecting



A WATER-COLOUR SKETCH MADE BY "B.-P." SOME YEARS AGO OF PAX HILL, HIS COUNTRY HOME AT BENTLEY. He and Lady Baden-Powell are seen in the background. Their son, the Hon. Peter Baden-Powell, is seen mounted, the Hon. Heather Baden-Powell is on the left, and the Hon. Betty Baden-Powell is holding the dog



# THE WONDERFUL SPARROW

HOW IT FINDS FOOD IN A LAND OF BRICKS AND MORTAR IS A MYSTERY

By FRANCES PITT

**U**NDoubtedly, scarcity gives a thing value in our eyes. We find the rare flower and the uncommon bird of much greater interest than the daisy and the blackbird. I plead guilty to deriving more thrill from watching a hen-harrier sweeping over the brown moors and blue lochs of an Orkney landscape than from observing the ways of the common sparrow in the backyard, yet in reality it is the sparrow which the better deserves attention, for it is such a go-ahead species.

The common or house sparrow, *Passer domesticus*, is the supreme example of the successful bird. Man, so often the foe of wild creatures, before whom so many beasts and birds have wilted and faded away, has been enlisted as an ally by this impudent and pushful species. He, it is true, has on the whole been an unwilling confederate, nevertheless human agency has been the great factor in the rise of the house sparrow to almost cosmopolitan distribution. We take more note of regions where it does not occur than those where it is found. In some places, such as Australia and New Zealand, the sparrow was intentionally, if mistakenly, introduced, but in most cases it has just followed mankind, making itself equally at home in the city and about the remote farmstead. Now, practically wherever we turn we find sparrows, at least so long as there is a human dwelling somewhere near.

It might be thought that such an ubiquitous bird would provide the bird-photographer with a multiplicity of subjects. He can practise his camera upon it in the squares and parks of London and at the bird-table in his garden; yet what do we find? As soon as we enquire for sparrow pictures we discover that there are few to be had and really good ones are very scarce. It is much easier to obtain first-class portraits of hen-harriers, red-necked phalaropes, black-throated divers and other distinguished



PART OF A FLOCK OF SPARROWS OVER THE DECEMBER FIELDS

*The horizontal lines are electric cables*

rarities than of the humble sparrow so well known to us all.

What can be the reason of this? In part it may be attributed to our affection for what is rare and unusual and our disregard of the commonplace, and in part to the difficulty of getting good sparrow pictures. The sparrow may be cheeky and impudent, but it is also a shrewd, wily, cautious personality. It takes no risks and is ever cautious of that which is strange and may therefore be dangerous. No doubt it is this combination of pushfulness and cunning that has contributed to its world-wide success, and likewise makes it by no means the easiest of subjects for the camera. Anyhow, such pictures as those by Mr. C. W. Teager, that illustrate this article, are really remarkable snapshots upon which their author must receive every congratulation. From the fine

portrait of the old cock sparrow to the picture of a pair paying a winter visit to their old nest, all are of especial interest.

The last-mentioned snapshot arouses an interesting train of thought and speculation in connection with the breeding habits of birds. The nesting impulse, we are told, arises from the state of the gonads, and we are led to believe the sequence of actions to be independent of conscious purpose. It is an undoubted fact that the inexperienced young bird achieves at first effort as perfect a result as the old one which has built many nests; but to attribute everything to the breeding impulse and deny the bird any intelligent interest in what it does is surely going too far, as is shown by its winter conduct.

On a recent December day, one of those pleasant sunny mornings when gnats dance in



C. W. Teager

TAKEN IN THE COUNTRY, BUT ONLY HALF A MILE FROM THE NEAREST DWELLING



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A PAIR OF SPARROWS VISITING THEIR OLD HOME IN THE WINTRY BOUGHS





(Left)  
AN OLD COCK-SPARROW  
WATCHING SOMETHING  
WITH AN AIR OF IN-  
TEREST AND UNDER-  
STANDING

Below: A FLASHLIGHT  
PHOTOGRAPH OF A HEN  
HOUSE-SPARROW AT  
ROOST UNDER THE IVY  
ON AN OLD TREE

the lee of the hedges, I was standing near a group of trees in which were a dozen or so rooks' nests. This rookery is solely a breeding place. It is occupied only in the springtime. So soon as the young ones are strong upon the wing their parents take them off to join the main body of rooks and roost each night in the great communal rookery in the woods on the banks of the Severn. But now I saw some thirty or forty rooks come planing down out of the sky, to alight in the trees, hop about and inspect the nests. They looked into this nest and that, and cawed all the time. Surely they were the owners come to see their homes were all right, and how can one explain such conduct in terms of stimulus and response?

What, too, are we to make of the behaviour of some sparrows? This sparrow episode likewise took place recently and on one of those mild mornings which come now and again in the middle of our English winter. A party of house sparrows were sitting twittering in the creepers on the wall, evidently enjoying the sunshine, when there came floating past, borne upon the breeze, a single, small, fluffy white feather. Out flew a cock sparrow, pursued, captured it, and carried it up under the eaves of the house. What he did with it I cannot say, though I could discern the presence of a hen sparrow. Mr. Teager's photograph of sparrows paying a midwinter visit to an old nest suggests, however, that an out-of-season recrudescence of nesting interest is not infrequent, and we cannot say such behaviour is due to the state of development of the gonads.

Mention of sparrows in the creepers reminds me of that old-fashioned method of reducing sparrows which can be best practised in winter—I mean the netting of them when at roost at night. The net is an elaborate affair on two long poles, and has a central bag made on the lobster-pot principle. Three persons are needed to operate the net, one to each pole and the third to keep the bag portion extended and hold a lantern aloft. A fourth person to act as beater is desirable. Ivy on walls and the sides of haystacks give best results. The net is held aloft and well spread out; it is manoeuvred as close as possible to the ivy, and helper No. 4 taps the leaves with his stick. Out flutter the birds, make for the light held aloft and are lured thereby into the central bag.

An advantage of this method is that the captures can be examined before being dealt



C. W. Teager A CHEERFUL GROUP OF SPARROWS AND A CHAFFINCH  
SEARCHING FOR SEEDS IN THE SNOW

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with and other birds can be released. It is, however, rare for any but sparrows to be captured. Sparrow roosting parties seem to be strictly limited to their own species. Not even tree sparrows associate with them, but, then, the little chestnut-capped tree sparrow is a very different bird from the more or less parasitic house sparrow.

The ardent bird protectionist will no doubt protest at any suggestion of warfare even upon sparrows, and point to the good done by these birds when feeding their young in the springtime. At this season they do undoubtedly destroy much insect life, but the gardener who sees his crocuses and primroses cut off in wanton mischief by the little sinners cannot feel much love for them, nor can that other bird-lover who prefers house martins to sparrows find for them any great affection. The way sparrows evict martins from their newly built homes and convert the nests to their own use is unforgivable. For my part I cannot forget it. The farmer, too, has cause to dislike the sparrow, particularly when, in late summer, it descends in regiments upon the ripening fields of grain.

It was formerly believed that these considerable flocks were partly composed of town sparrows having a country holiday, but lately the evidence suggests that sparrows are very sedentary and that there is little movement of the sparrow population. The summer, autumn and winter flocks are mostly composed of local birds.

Yet, however much we abuse the house sparrow, however much it deserves what we say of it, it is a wonderful bird, so indomitably plucky and successful, so perky and gay; moreover, it is only familiarity with it that blinds us to the fact that it is quite a handsome little fellow. An old cock sparrow, with his black bib, his slate grey cap, and his complicated patterning of brown, fawn and chestnut, is really very well turned out. Of course, I mean a spruce country bird, with hues undimmed by soot, and not a smutty London sparrow with feathers reduced to a dirty drabness in which practically all pattern and markings are lost. But, however dingy the London sparrow, we must spare it a word or two of admiration for the way in which it finds a living and a good one too, in a land of bricks and mortar and of petrol-driven vehicles. In days of old it pilfered corn from the horses; how it finds food now is a mystery. I believe it lives chiefly on alms from kind friends. I repeat, the sparrow is a wonderful bird.

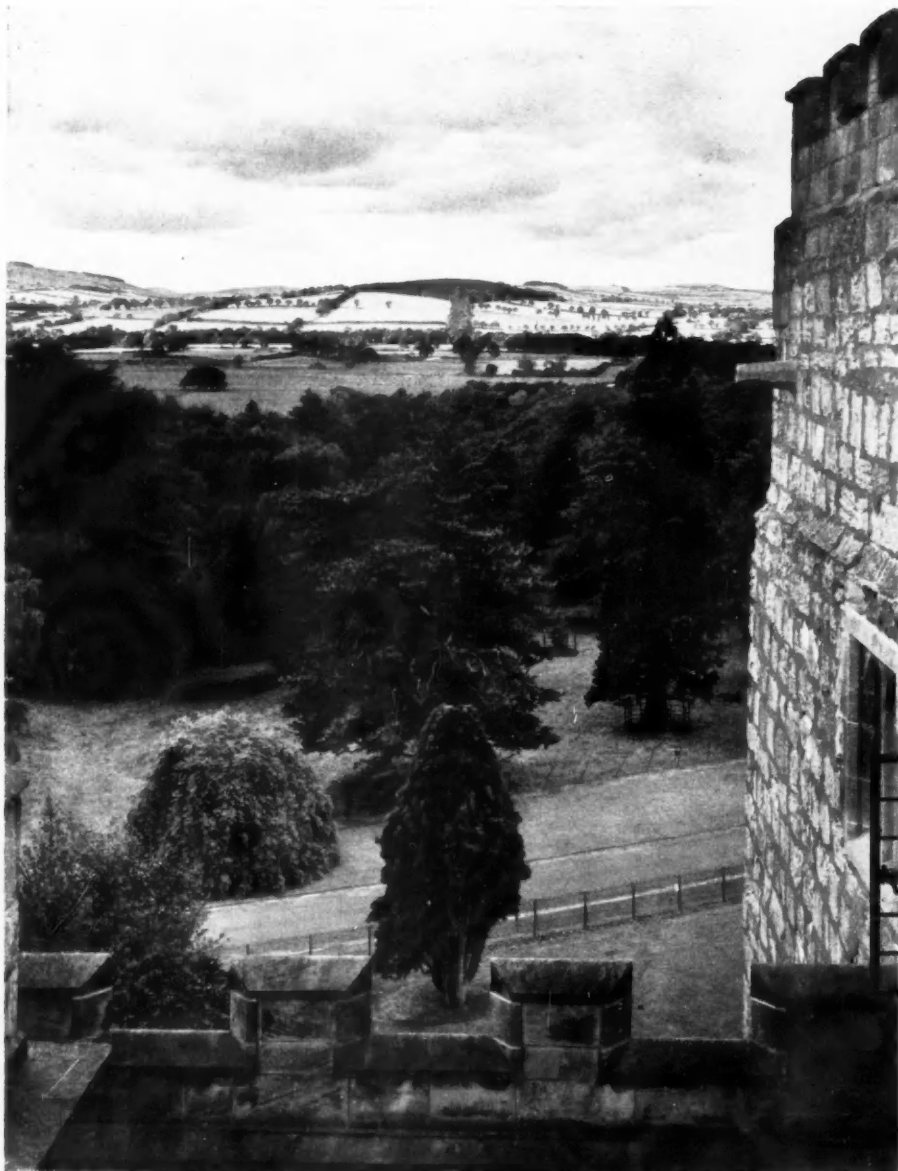


1.—THE COURTYARD, WITH THE SOUTH-WEST TOWER OF THE ORIGINAL FORTRESS IN THE CENTRE  
From the south-west, standing on the stump of the detached "Parson's Tower"

## FORD CASTLE, NORTHUMBERLAND—II

THE PROPERTY OF LORD JOICEY

*Two famous chatelaines of the Border stronghold: Dame Elizabeth Heron, who beguiled the King of Scots before Flodden Field in 1513; and Lady Waterford, whose serene spirit transformed the castle in the nineteenth century.*



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"Country Life"

2.—FLODDEN FIELD, FROM THE RAMPARTS, LOOKING WEST  
The Scottish position in 1513 crowned the hill seen in sunlight beyond the River Till

GR<sup>EAT</sup> events on the European stage and domestic incidents on the Border combined in the early years of Henry VIII's reign to make Ford the centre of the dramatic events culminating in the tragedy of Flodden Field. In the short space of a September evening, the flower of Scotland—her King, twelve earls, fourteen lords, an archbishop, two bishops and a couple of abbots—in all 12,000 men—were mown down within sight of the Castle ramparts.

Beside Branxton in a brook  
Breathless they lie,  
Gaping against the moon  
Their ghosts went away.

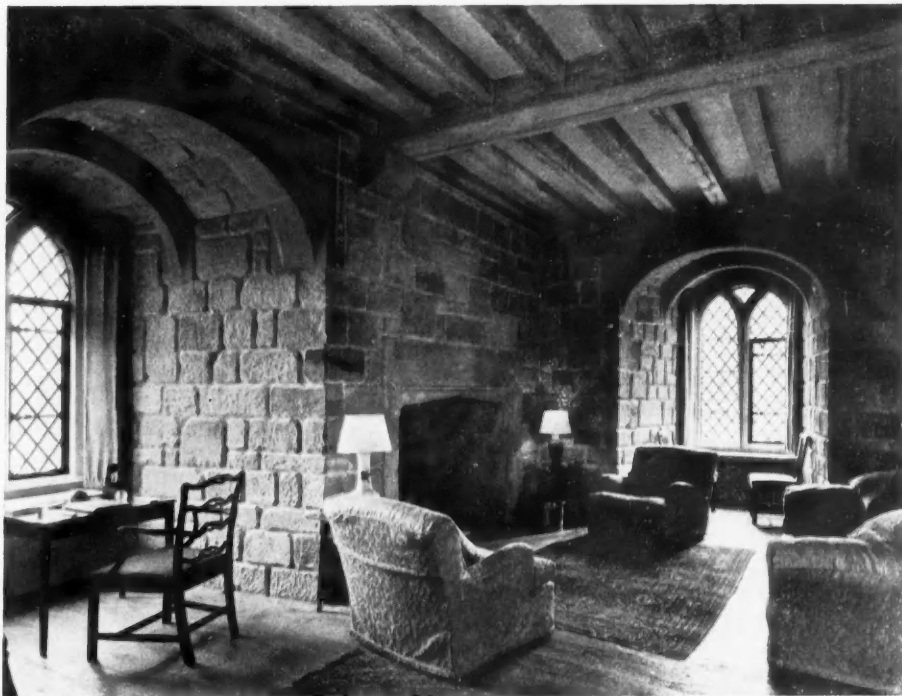
When the wise Henry Tudor still lived and, by marrying his daughter Margaret to James IV of Scotland, had apparently brought peace to the Border for a generation, John, the bastard brother of William Heron of Ford, murdered Sir Robert Ker of Cessford, a warden of the Scottish Marches, and made good his escape to England. William, a lieutenant of the Marches, whether or no he was involved in the affray, was handed over to the Scots for a hostage. In such ways as this, and in the piratical exploits of Andrew Barton, relations between the two kingdoms deteriorated, and thus it was that, in the winter of 1512, Ford was sheltering not only Elizabeth Heron, still parted after six years from her hostage lord, but also the Warden of the Middle Marches, Lord Dacre, who had occupied the Castle as his headquarters with a garrison of forty men. From here Lord Dacre urgently reported in December the gathering of a very large army beyond the Tweed.

England's main forces—the first national army to have been mobilised for half a century—were in Flanders under the dashing young King and the Emperor Maximilian, engaged in a concerted campaign with Spain and the Pope against the menacing expansion of French domination. In June, 1513, they had won the Battle of the Spurs, and in September penetrated as far into the lowlands as Tournai and Lille. To cope with the traditional concomitant of a war with France—an invasion from Scotland—Henry had left his bride-queen Catharine and the veteran Earl of Surrey. They responded with spirit to Dacre's news that already the Scots had invested the Tweedside fortress of Norham.

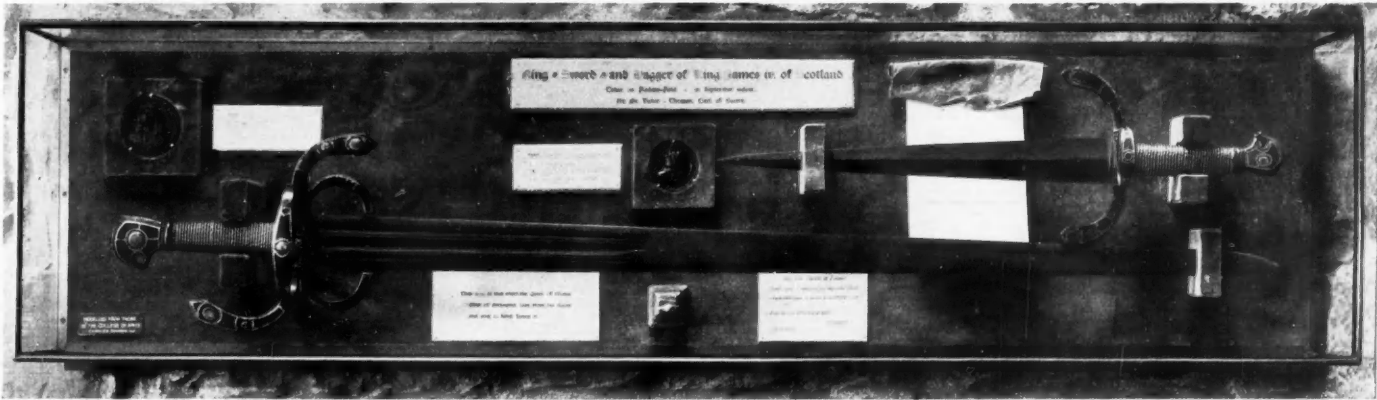


The levies of the south converged on London, Lovell raised the Midlands, Surrey the Yorkshiremen, Stanley the gentlemen of Cheshire and Lancaster, Admiral Thomas Howard raised a thousand men from the Fleet, and the army converged on Durham over the muddy roads of a wet late August. By then Norham had surrendered, and James's host, computed at 100,000 with such a train of artillery as Scotland had never before assembled, advanced up Glendale, occupying Wark, Etal, Chillingham, and Ford.

James himself took up his quarters at Ford, where he was received by Elizabeth Heron. The Castle, as was described last week, consisted of a walled square with a tower at each corner, two of which yet stand—the south-west tower seen in the middle of Fig. 1, and the north-west, or King James's tower, on the extreme left, seen from below in Fig. 7. The latter was evidently the strongest of the four, and, since the family's quarters were in the north-east tower, made up of the manor house built in 1334, was likely, as tradition asserts, to be occupied by the military commander—now by King James in succession to Lord Dacre. There are various accounts of what then transpired at Ford. The Scottish chronicles, under the necessity of explaining the subsequent débâcle, elaborate a story of James dallying with the beguiling chatelaine.



3.—THE MAIN ROOM IN KING JAMES'S TOWER



4.—REPLICAS OF JAMES IV'S SWORD, DAGGER AND RING



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5.—REPLICA OF THE LICENCE TO FORTIFY AND CRENELLATE FORD, 1338

The Monarch o'er the syren hung  
And beat the measure as she sung

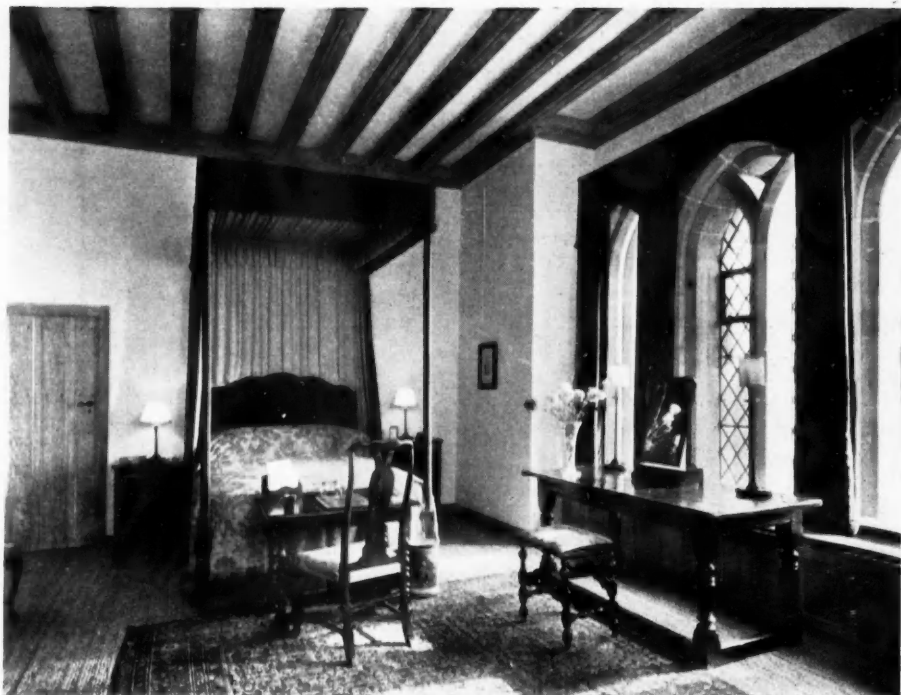
the "Ballad of Young Lochinvar" which Scott puts into Lady Heron's mouth in "Marmion," though he shifts the scene to Holyrood. The upper room in the tower (Fig. 6) is still pointed out as the scene of these tender exchanges, the outcome of which, say the Scots, was that Elizabeth was entrusted with a spying mission to the English camp, where, on the contrary, she betrayed her lover's plans. The details of the story do not fit the chronology of the campaign, and the more prosaic English version is that Elizabeth Heron implored James to spare the Castle and obtained his promise to do so if certain Scottish prisoners were released. It was on this mission that she visited Surrey, who was induced by her to offer the release of other prisoners in exchange for her hostage husband.

However this may be, it was to Ford on September 4th that Surrey sent a herald to the Scots with a challenge to battle. The main Scottish array, clearly visible from the Castle (Fig. 2), which, with the river Till, guarded its left flank, was in a strong position on Flodden Ridge, astride the road to Coldstream and Wark. On September 7th Surrey lay at Wooler, six miles to the south. James accepted the challenge, but "would take his ground and field at his pleasure"—he would not be enticed from his ridge into the plain below. Surrey, with his inferior and tired troops, rightly refused a frontal assault of Flodden crest. Next day he began the brilliant, if risky manœuvre that ended in the destruction of the Scottish army. Leaving the road to England open and crossing the Till, he moved eastward from Wooler, then north by the old Roman road towards Berwick, and encamped on Bar Moor where the low hills behind Ford screened his movements from the Scots. The Scots, uncertain of his intentions, simply stayed where they were and thereby fell into the trap. At dawn on the 9th, Surrey's son, the admiral, with 9,000 men and the guns, set out across country north-west and, re-crossing the Till at Twizel Bridge, cut James's communications with Scotland. Surrey, with the main army, forded the Till a little short of Twizel within sight of the enemy but without opposition,



and deployed facing south. In the late afternoon, when his men had already marched twenty miles, he began to advance up the northern slope of Flodden. The Scots, forsaking their heights, turned about and came slithering down the wet hill to the Brankston Burn, and a desperate hand-to-hand battle began. For some hours the issue was in doubt, but gradually the Admiral closed in on the Scots' left, and Stanley's Lancashire and Cheshire archers on their right, while Surrey, in the centre, withstood the armoured charge of the Scottish chivalry till the appearance of Dacre's cavalry in the Scottish rear sounded their knell. By nightfall all was over.

James had not kept his promise to Elizabeth Heron, for, before leaving Ford to take up his stand at Flodden, he burnt the castle in which he had sheltered. Nor did the release of its lord from his seven years' captivity accelerate the repairs and garrisoning for which Dacre urgently pressed the authorities. William Heron, returning from detention for a crime he did not commit to a home devastated in defence of the Government that had exiled him, is said to have displayed an independent, even truculent, attitude to service under the Crown, and may well have shown no inclination to re-fortify his home. Certain it is that Ford never regained its former strength. Twenty years later it was still "metly strong but in decay." By the end of Henry's long reign, however, and incidentally that of the Heron family, something seems to have been done, since Ford



6.—KING JAMES'S ROOM IN THE TOWER

and neighbouring Etal were put under the same command and garrisoned 100 men between them.

It was doubtless in the capacity of com-

mander of the two castles that Thomas Carr, a younger son of the Captain of Wark, undertook the defence of Ford when again threatened by the Scots in 1549. By then the embittered old William Heron was dead, leaving a granddaughter as his heir, now aged sixteen and a ward in Chancery. During her minority her kinsman, Sir John Heron of Chipchase, "kepyth the Castell of Forde by stronge hande," and claimed heirship on the plea of an entail in tail male. This was the situation when, after the Battle of Pinkey, the Scots, in co-operation with French forces, began expelling English garrisons from the Lowlands and carried war over the Border to the gates of Ford. Young Thomas Carr put up a spirited defence against besiegers with four pieces of ordnance, and eventually succeeded in repelling them, but not before all the defences had been rendered untenable with the exception of a single tower. This was undoubtedly King James's Tower, which thus again became the scene of romance. For the young Elizabeth, whether or no compelled to share the remaining tower's protection with its defenders, proceeded to give her hand and inheritance to their commander.

This historic tower, with walls nine to ten feet thick, contains four rooms, the lowermost a cellar or dungeon, the original means of entry to which is not preserved. The main room, on the present level of the ground floor of the house, is entered by a pointed door on the east side, and was originally lighted by two small windows looking north and south—the latter commanding the postern gate below it. The room (Fig. 3) has in recent years been made habitable by the insertion of a fireplace and two much larger windows with deep barrel-vaulted embrasures. The massive masonry of the walls has been revealed, and the mortar scraped out of the joints to convey an appropriate suggestion of hoary antiquity. On them hang admirable reproductions of the most historic relics connected with Ford: a banner carried at Flodden, the licence to fortify and crenellate Ford granted by Edward III to William Heron in 1338, the sword, dagger and ring of King James IV—

"... the fair Queen of France  
Sent him a turquoise ring and glove  
And charged him as her knight and love  
For her to break a lance"

—and the first published account of Flodden Field. The topmost room is known as King James's Room (Fig. 6).



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7.—KING JAMES'S TOWER, FROM THE NORTH-WEST

"Country Life"



8.—“GOOD CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE”: THREE OF LADY WATERFORD'S PAINTINGS IN THE SCHOOL

I have been arranging with tapestry a room in the old tower and have made it most comfortable [wrote Lady Waterford in 1859]. The walls are eight or ten feet thick, and from my windows I look over Flodden Field. Who knows but that it was in this very room that wily Dame Heron sang to the King the day before the battle. . . . We have his room in this very tower—a room that has a curious old bed, but all the rest as bad as possible; it will, however, be a great interest to make the room like the very date of his visit.

Lady Waterford's setting has gone, but Lady Joicey has given it a sage green velvet bed lined with dove colour, the covers stencilled with green designs on old gold silk, rush matting on the floor. A stair in the thickness of the wall, discovered by Lady Waterford with appropriate awe, leads to “Lady Heron's Room” immediately below. Latterly a bathroom has also been quarried out of the masonry.

#### THE CARRS OF FORD

The marriage of Elizabeth Heron and Thomas Carr immediately brought the claims of the Herons of Chipchase to a head, and another of the devastating feuds broke out to which Ford had previously been subject for a generation, most of the nobility of the Border supporting the Herons. On a day in March, 1557, a detachment from Berwick in the Herons' interest ejected the inhabitants of Ford, and next morning a Carr posse attacked a party consisting of Sir Ralph Gray of Chillingham, Giles Heron, Treasurer of Berwick, and the Mayor of Berwick, killing the Treasurer and the Mayor. The Warden

of the Marches took a most serious view of the incident, and the whole case was referred to the Privy Council itself, and it was about to be examined when Thomas Carr, the defender, and now owner, of Ford was murdered. The Earl of Northumberland was given instant instructions to “boul out” the murderer, and took energetic measures, but, whether for reasons of policy or incapacity, none of the more suspicious parties, the chief of whom was Sir George Heron, could be detained. Eventually the Government, which was evidently anxious during the tense months of Elizabeth's succession to her sister to avoid precipitating a civil war on the Border with incalculable repercussions, procured an agreement signed by John Heron and the murdered man's brother, but did nothing about tracking down the criminal. Nonetheless, Carrs and Herons continued to be at daggers drawn long after Elizabeth's more energetic Government had succeeded in tracking down Gregory Ogle, his servant Wilson, and Roger Heron as the guilty parties, together with certain of the Lises then refuging with Mary, Queen of Scots. As late as 1572 the chief source of disorganisation on the Marches was described as the “private quarrels between the Herons and Carrs, involving other houses who would rather overthrow each other than face the enemy.”

Meanwhile the orphaned son of all this trouble was growing up, a ward of the Crown, who, despite this surveillance, became known as a declared Papist. As late as 1580 Ford

(as usual) was reported to be “decaied by want of reparacioun of a long contynuanee” and worth the expenditure of £300 on repairs. If they were ever spent they went towards the conversion of the Castle into a commodious Elizabethan mansion as described last week, for it was the arms of William Carr that were set upon its porch. He, however, died in 1589, aged thirty-eight, leaving a boy of twelve his heir. It may be that his widow, Newcastle born and perhaps well endowed, built or completed the house for her son, who, though he maintained his father's antipathy to Elizabeth and the English Government generally, found a sovereign to his liking in her Scottish successor, whom he served long and faithfully as a Gentleman of the Bedchamber. This position was perhaps due to his having married as his second wife Jane Carr, a Scotswoman who may have been a connection of the King's notorious favourite Robert Carr. There is no space to pursue the exactions of this unscrupulous woman, who, besides leading her husband into commitments that soon undermined the estate, attempted to get Ford settled on her son by a previous marriage. William, the rightful heir, was actually shut out of the Castle after burying his father in 1641, though when he himself died in 1644 he had established his rights. The boy of ten left to this troubled inheritance, Thomas Carr, was in the safe guardianship of Lord Grey of Wark until his mother married thirdly one John Ratcliffe in 1647, who proceeded to pose as his protector. This individual was evidently a favourer of the Commonwealth, though he took no part in the Civil War. In the course of it, however, Ford suffered its fourth devastation, at the hands of Sir Marmaduke Langdale's Royalist troops in the 1648 campaign against Scottish forces. Though the mansion was battered, Ratcliffe could batten on his stepson's Royalist sympathies until the Restoration suddenly turned the tables. A recent legal decision put Thomas Carr in a position to redeem the mortgage raised on the place by Ratcliffe, while the change in the political situation delivered him from his stepfather's blackmail. Ratcliffe saw his power slipping from him. He acted quickly. Thomas Carr must be killed, and he did so with his own hands at Alnwick, thus accounting for the second murder in cold blood of a Carr of Ford within a century. Ratcliffe himself was hanged, but not till four years later.

It is a relief to turn from the violence, rapacity, and murder witnessed by this grim old fortress of the Tudor and Stuart Marches to the serene Victorian evening of its days. From Sir Francis Blake, who consolidated the disintegrating heritage of the Carrs in the seventeenth century, Ford passed to the fantastic Delavals and, under Lord Delaval's will, to his granddaughter Susan, Marchioness of Waterford. It was her son's wife, Louisa Stuart, who became the beautiful and celebrated Lady Waterford, that most gifted of Victorian



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“Country Life”

9.—“SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME”

Painting in watercolour on end wall of the school, Ford, by Lady Waterford



amateur painters, whose drawings and water-colours strangely recapture in nineteenth-century England something akin to the sweet nobility of Raffaele touched with the colours of Turner. She made her home at Ford after her beloved husband's death hunting in Ireland, and found an escape from her grief in making Ford the castle and village of her dreams. Her power as an artist is uniquely demonstrated by the remarkable "frescos" in her school at Ford. They lack the enchanting colouring which gives her water-colour studies so much of their charm; but there is, in this her *magnum opus*, the same mastery of

grouping and intuitive sympathy with children. The subjects are the Lives of Good Children of the Bible, beginning with Abel (and Cain), the models for whom were the school-children of the parish. They are actually painted in water-colour on sized paper stretched on wooden frames. The most impressive and the most characteristic of Lady Waterford's Raffaelesque genius is certainly one of the two great end pieces: "Suffer little children to come unto Me." The series of ten lunettes and two gable ends was begun in 1862 and took three years to complete. Ruskin, of whom she wrote

"he is the reverse of the man I like, and yet his intellectual part is quite my ideal," deprecated them, while paying a tacit tribute to her abilities, with the remark: "Well, I expected you would have done something better than that." Lady Waterford humbly acquiesced—the judgment, like the achievement, was all in the day's work, of which she wrote in her notebook:

Time there was, but it is gone:  
Time there may be—who can tell?  
Time there is to act upon:  
Help me, Lord to use it well.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

## FARMING NOTES

### A DRY MID-WINTER—UNTHATCHED RICKS—AN APPEAL TO FARMERS—GIRLS ON THE LAND—PAPER MADE FROM STRAW

**A** DRY time in mid-winter is a great boon. Nothing is more exasperating when there are a hundred and one jobs to be done than to have the men standing about in the sheds half their time taking shelter from the rain. On the perfectly organised farm there would no doubt be jobs under cover always ready to be done, but in practice wet weather, whenever it comes, always means wasted time. It rejoices my heart to be able to get the manure out on hard ground. A heavy job goes easily. It is good also to see the hedge trimmings burning up brightly and the smoke of the steam engine day after day as threshing goes on unimpeded by wet days. We shall no doubt be wanting rain soon enough. When "February fill-dyke" lives up to its reputation it gives a reserve of moisture to see us through the searching winds of March. We talk of droughts and floods, but in this country Providence looks after us pretty well in the dispensation of weather. Australia has just been rejoicing in "widespread drought-breaking rains" which, so I read in my daily paper, have come in time to "contribute to a good season over a large part of the inland pastoral country and should make a wonderful difference to the outlook of sheep and cattle breeders, especially in the north."

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It is in keeping with the times that a new Defence Regulation should be made to put the wilfully negligent farmer in the police court to answer for his shortcomings. The Regulation provides that "if the crop harvested from any agricultural land is damaged or goes to waste as a result of any failure or delay of the occupier of that land to take reasonable steps to keep the crop in good condition, he will be

liable to a fine not exceeding fifty pounds." In other words, the farmer who leaves a rick unthatched so that the rain gets in and damages the corn will find himself in trouble with the War Agricultural Committee. Until now the waste of good crops has not been an offence. An order could be served on a man to thatch or thresh a crop—but that did not happen until the damage was done. The nation lost valuable food, and the culprit did not learn his lesson. It is appalling that it should be necessary to have a law making it an offence to waste good crops, but there are some stupid people, even in the farming community, who fail to see a job through properly. They spend money on cultivations and growing the crop, and then fail to protect it when harvested. They may always be saying to themselves that the threshing machine will soon be coming round, so there is no need to thatch the rick, but if it rains hard in September and October the damage is done. As late as Christmas week I heard of two corn ricks well away from a road, which had never been thatched. The farmer had either forgotten about them or had failed to get a thatcher to do the job. I cannot think that he could have tried very hard. There are not too many skilled thatchers nowadays, but to leave corn ricks unthatched and unthreshed for five months is a serious offence against the nation in war-time.

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Yet another appeal has gone out to farmers to take early delivery of the sulphate of ammonia and other fertilisers they will want in the spring. It has always been assumed that greatly increased quantities of fertilisers would be required this season, and so they will be if every farmer does his land properly and is determined to win the last bushel next harvest.

The plain fact, however, is that stocks of fertilisers are accumulating at the works, and farmers have not so far placed orders for anything like the total quantity which will be available and, indeed, will be needed if every cornfield is to carry a full crop. A good many farmers have not used fertilisers to maximum advantage in the past, and they will fail to do so again this year unless their eyes are opened to the true interests of themselves and the nation. There are still some of the old school who argue that artificial fertilisers rob the land. Used unwisely that may be so, but, grafted on to a sound farming system, fertilisers do the land no harm and increase crop yields, which is the important matter to-day.

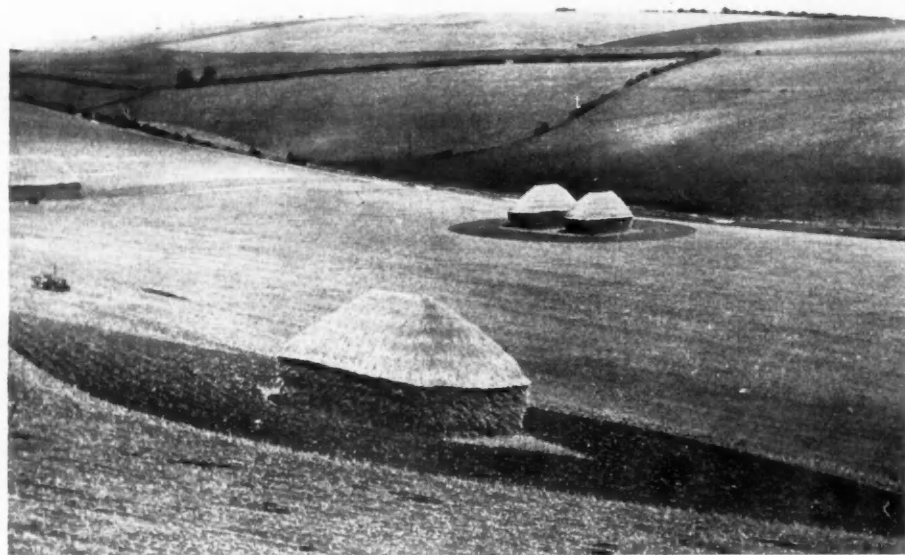
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No one seems to know quite how the threatened call-up of several thousand more young farm workers will be done. Many farmers are apprehensive. If some of their present men are taken they feel certain that they will not be able to replace them. Recruits to the Women's Land Army can do some jobs well enough, but with the best will in the world a London girl cannot fill the place of Harry Hawkins the ploughman, born and bred on the farm. Harry is doing essential national service where he is. In the Army he could no doubt be made a good infantryman in six months' time, but his transfer from a job in which he is skilled to one in which he is unskilled, one job being no less important than the other, would surely be wrong. Certainly agriculture can find some more young men for the Forces, but they must be hand-picked with due regard for the proper working of each farm.

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Many thousands of tons of wheat and barley straw are being baled at threshing on farms for despatch to the paper mills. This is a new market for many farmers, and at the ruling price of 60s.-65s. a ton on the farm the return is useful. But the use of straw for paper manufacture is in no way new. It has been known for over a century and has been in operation in Holland for many years and more recently in Italy. Writing in the *Journal of the Ministry of Agriculture*, Mr. Julius Grant states that straw cellulose gives a short and brittle fibre compared with wood pulp which the paper-makers normally use. This is an advantage in writing-papers, but paper from straw is hard and tends to tear and crack on folding. A sheet of a straw paper will not be nearly so thick as a sheet of an esparto paper of the same size and weight. This bulking property means a good deal to book publishers, not only because it enables them to make a fat volume out of a small amount of paper, but also because esparto paper is more opaque and takes print better than straw paper. The process of converting straw into paper requires boiling under pressure in a solution of caustic soda, and only the mills equipped to deal with esparto can deal with straw. There are several such mills in Fife and one or two in the home counties near London. This limits the market, but it is estimated that straw, supplemented by rags and waste paper, will serve to supply about 65 per cent. of our pre-war requirements.

CINCINNATUS.



WELL-THATCHED CORN STACKS IN A FIELD NEAR THE SOUTH COAST. Each is surrounded by a ring of ploughed land—a device to prevent damage by incendiary bombs which might set standing crops on fire



## AFTER BIGHORN SHEEP IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

**I**T was while rounding up cattle along the mountainous heights over the Chilcotin River, British Columbia, that I saw my first mountain sheep. Up to that time, although I had been some months in the district, I had no idea that they were within a day's "packing" from our ranch. I was riding with a Siwash Indian, peering over the great clay banks which dropped down two or three thousand feet to the blue ice-water of the Chilcotin River, when I saw the white rumps of what I took to be mule deer (of which there were many about) titupping away over a crest half a mile distant.

"Mount'n ship," said the Siwash.

"Are you sure?" said I.

"Yes; hiyu [many] ship stop this place."

I was thrilled to the marrow, and had a bit of a "prospect" round before returning to the ranch next day. I found that the angle formed where the Chilcotin River joined the Fraser River was obviously the home of quite a number of sheep, judging from the numerous tracks. About a week later, I sallied forth from the ranch on my hunting horse Isinglass, with a pack pony and my little bull terrier Boots, to a log cabin I knew of within easy reach of the sheep ground.

As I only had bacon, beans and flour on the pack pony, I shot a young deer near the cabin, which I reached just before dark. Boots at once got busy, as a colony of bushy-tailed rats were in possession. However, I soon had a fire going and, believe me, there are worse things than a hot pot of venison, beans and bacon with hot camp bread and treacle to follow!

An excellent breakfast of fried beans and bacon, then away for my first attempt at bighorn. It was a glorious morning, crisp and bright, with scarcely a breath of wind and what there was seemed about right for my plan of campaign. So, having saddled Isinglass and ordered Boots to stay on guard, I made for the Fraser River valley, intending to work round to the Chilcotin, keeping as high as I could. Tethering Isinglass in a suitable spot with lots of bunch grass, I started to spy the mountain-sides. The deer were rather a nuisance. They were returning from drinking at the river, and I kept finding myself close to them, and was afraid they would disturb the sheep, so decided to sit down for an hour and let them get out of the way.

Suddenly, as I sat in the sun, I heard the sound of a trumpet. The sound came nearer and nearer, and then, far up against the blue sky, I saw a flock of white swans giving the last perfect touch to a wonderful panorama. Below me the Fraser River swirled down with such a roar that, even at the height at which I sat, I could distinctly hear it, and away down to my right I could see the white water and breakers made by the meeting of the two big rivers. The mountain-sides descended in rips and slides to lovely grassy slopes and plateaux, which



### A RECORD HEAD OF A BIGHORN SHEEP

The circumference at the base is eighteen and three-quarter inches and is still a record

again broke and slid away to the rushing river, a ribbon of blue steel. Young as I was and full of excitement at the prospect of a shot at bighorn, the scene made a great impression on me which I can recall even now, but, as I got up to creep round the next shoulder, I saw right beside me in the clay the largest sheep tracks I had yet seen. Obviously fresh, they must have been made by a really big, heavy ram. I saw also another smaller track with the big one, both going downwards and across the precipitous clay banks. With my glasses I could see the tracks crossing another slide some considerable distance away, but there was no animal in sight. As I was wearing rubber-soled shoes, I could proceed noiselessly, and the rubber gripped well on the slides; and creeping and running for perhaps three-quarters of a mile, spying and peeping over every bank and shoulder, I spotted a ewe, feeding quietly on a slope straight in front of me, about three hundred yards away, and on a grassy bench about a hundred yards below her was a magnificent ram.

I considered the situation. It seemed that by going back a little way I could get down on to the same bench as the ram and, with luck, find cover of some sort which would enable me to get within reasonable range. The light breeze held steady, and both ram and ewe were feeding quietly, so I crept back and down a deep fissure, to find myself on the bench as I had hoped. After crawling on my stomach about two hundred yards, I risked a very cautious peep over a ridge of clay, and immediately saw the sun glint on top of the ram's horns. But I had to know where the ewe was, so crawled a few yards to my left and found she was above me and to my right, still feeding. Returning to my vantage point, I peeped again and reckoned the range about a hundred and fifty yards. Now I must here say that I am not a good rifle shot, although I can hold my own occasionally with a shotgun. The ram was feeding about three-quarters on to me, pausing now and again to look at the ewe; so, kneeling behind the ridge, I aimed behind his shoulder, pulled the trigger, and saw the bullet strike the ground over his back!

Of course, he was off in a flash, and I was just going to fire again as he ran when he slowed down, stopped, then cantered straight back and pulled up facing me about a hundred yards away. I made no mistake this time, and shot him where his neck joined his chest. The explanation of his behaviour was, no doubt, due to the fact that I was rather between him and the ewe, which made off to my right and past me, in the direction from which I and they had come. The ram had not seen me and decided to follow the ewe.

I had then to get the great head off and pack it on my back up the precipitous clay banks, carrying it for perhaps three or four miles to where I had left Isinglass. By that time the sun was setting, and I was glad to see the old hair trunk with his Roman nose and goose rump. He didn't like the look and smell of bighorn, and twice bucked the head off before I really got it fast to the stock saddle and set off for camp. Boots greeted me with "wuffs" of joy and congratulation. We had a wonderful supper of beans, bacon and venison, after which I retired to my bed of fir twigs with a lighted candle set on each side of the glorious head, which measured in circumference some eighteen and three-quarter inches and is still a record, although the tips were badly broken and he did not tape so well for length.

C. H. KENNARD.



By the Courtesy of the Agent General for British Columbia

TYPICAL SCENERY IN THE FRASER RIVER COUNTRY

## WAR-TIME RACING

**I**N a newspaper recently I saw this paragraph: "Sir Archibald Wavell goes to the Races. General Sir Archibald Wavell spent the afternoon at the Races in Cairo, a race-course crowd gave him a rousing welcome." So it is evident that this brilliant and successful commander does not consider it prejudicial to the successful conduct of the war that he should spend an hour or so of leisure on a racecourse. In this country, however, there is rather a different attitude, and those of us who advocate the importance of the continuation of racing and horse breeding are often met, not with any argument, but with the question: "Do you know there is a war on?"—a phrase which, by the way, has been a godsend to many a jack-in-office! It is not difficult to find a reason for this. Here we are in the throes of the cruellest and most desperate war that has ever been waged; tragedies that break our hearts are occurring by day and by night on the sea, on the land, and in the air, so that it is no wonder that many people look upon the continuation of racing, or indeed of any sport, as heartless and unnecessary.

But there is another side to the question. If racing were stopped altogether, would it increase our output of munitions, or would there be one tragedy the less? I say most emphatically "No," but it would throw many people out of work and completely ruin a large number who have all their capital invested in the racing and horse-breeding industry.

For the last few years our politicians, especially those in high places, have had no interest in horse-racing or in the breeding of bloodstock; they do not consider them to be of any national importance, and appear to look upon those connected with them with some contempt. The undoubted supremacy that England has held over the whole world in horse-breeding for at least a century is not a matter of pride and satisfaction to them. That people should come from all over the world to buy our horses, and that the export trade is of considerable value, is to them a matter of little importance. These are not idle fancies, but the sober truth. This is a mechanical age; we are fighting a mechanical war. The inventions and devices of mankind are marvellous—almost unbelievable—and these, added to the indomitable courage and skill of our sailors, soldiers and air force and also of our munition workers, will win the war. Mechanical war is brutal,

cruel and ruthless, but when it is over we all still look forward to a world of sanity and peace; but that will not easily happen if we become mechanised body and soul, and there is considerable danger of this unless we keep alive the old sports and pastimes for which England has always been famous.

Racing, there is no doubt, is the greatest factor in bringing together people of all classes. The old saying that "On the Turf and under

By

THE HON. GEORGE LAMBTON

it all men are equal" is a true one, and Bismarck's remark to Disraeli, "So long as you keep your racing in England you will never have a revolution" should be remembered.

The present moment is a dangerous one for those interested in the bloodstock industry. We may be sure that the faddists and those people to whom sport is antipathetic will not lose their opportunities, and they will have to be fought, and fought continuously.

The Stewards of the Jockey Club have been in a difficult position, but I cannot absolve them from all blame, for they have not taken the lead as they should have done. I believe I am correct in saying that with the exception of Lord Ilchester not one member of the Jockey Club nor one leading owner has come into the open and stated boldly that the continuance of racing is a matter of national importance, and that to give up racing would be a national disaster. Lord Harewood I know has done valuable work and has not spared himself, and I believe that but for him and for Mr. Ernest Bevin, the Minister of Labour, there would have been no racing at all after the spring of last year. The position in the last war was very different. Many influential men wrote letters to *The Times* and stated the reasons why racing should be carried on. Their statements carried some weight with the politicians and even with those members of the public who knew and cared nothing for the sport, and the opposition soon died down. Something of that sort is what we have wanted and what we want now.

What are the prospects for 1941? No

one can view them with any complacency. Owners, trainers and breeders have in the past year been very hardly hit financially. The large class of small owners and breeders, the real lovers of racing and horses, the backbone of the industry, cannot stand much more, and it is not going to be easy to keep racing going. It certainly will not be done by sitting down quietly and waiting to see what will happen. Bad times will have to be faced, perhaps worse than at the present moment: we must be prepared and ready for them with the determination to carry on at all costs so long as there is no interference with the prosecution of the war. That has always been the spirit of England. We must not let sentiment, sorrow and horror get us down—that will do no good to anyone. Anything that for an hour or two can give relaxation and take our thoughts off the war is invaluable. This war, apart altogether from its brutalities, has been a most gloomy one—no military bands, no colour, no life! Incidentally, why has there been no martial music? It is a marvellous tonic both to soldier and civilian.

If the Jockey Club will fight for racing not as a favour but as a right, the public will back them to the limit. I will not reiterate all the arguments for and against racing, but if it is again stopped I am afraid it will mean the ruin of the industry and of thousands of people concerned. They are prepared to put up with hard times, loss of capital and so on, like most people in these days, but not with extinction.

Until the full programmes for future racing are published in the Calendar it is not possible to say what the financial outlook will be for owners, and we must hope that these will be published as soon as possible. I have no doubt that it has not escaped the notice of the Jockey Club that certain racecourses have had, owing to the war, record attendances, record entries, and must have prospered exceedingly, yet there was no increase in the value of their stakes!

The difficulties during the next six months, or perhaps longer, will be great, but I am confident that they will be overcome. There will be many stones thrown at the advocates of racing, but I can look forward to the day when we shall see our King and Queen, who have earned the admiration, respect, and love of the world, once again in the Royal Box at Epsom and Ascot acknowledging the welcome that comes from the hearts of their people.

## STRIPPED FOR ACTION

**T**HE other day I received a letter which reminded me doubly of the dim past. First, the writer was one whom I had not seen since we went up to Cambridge in the same term. Secondly, it dealt with the time, which now appears prehistoric, before the invention of woollies and pullovers and jumpers and jenkins, when it was not deemed the right thing to play without a coat. I chanced to have written in a book something to the effect that we were now apt to exaggerate a little the strength of the feeling on this subject; that in England, at any rate, when I began golf in the 'eighties, a man might on a hot day take his coat off without forfeiting all right to be thought a Christian gentleman; that I had a clear vision of my father doing so at Felixstowe and yet being allowed to live. I may now add that I am nearly sure that I saw the great Willie Fernie himself playing in shirt-sleeves, but I admit, lest some Scottish reader be down on me, that my infantile memory may be playing me tricks.

My correspondent's story goes to show that a feeling of horror and outrage was excited by the coatless many, many years later. In 1913, he says, being then home on leave from India, he was taken by his brother to play on a small suburban course which has, I think, long ceased to exist. It was a blazing summer day, and he, in accordance with Indian custom, paraded in short sleeves. He was in the middle of his waggle when a scandalised official, who had seen him from the club-house window, rushed on to the tee, exclaiming with pained politeness: "Your coat, sir, please. It is against the rules to play without a coat."

Here was a chance to behave like the famous Henry Lamb when he first played at Eastbourne and was told by a small caddie to stand more round to the left. Mr. Lamb, as we know from the Badminton, thanked the boy with a grave courtesy and then hit the ball some 200yds. to square leg right down the

### A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

middle of the course. My friend should, as he says, have given a light laugh, hit a magnificent drive, and then heaped coals of fire on the official's head by putting on his coat. Instead, he went back first to the club to get the coat and, returning humbly and hurriedly, hit the ball fifteen yards. He and his brother then left the tee before a considerable audience, covered with confusion, the brother prophesying that he himself would be asked to resign from the club, after having introduced a guest so lost to every feeling of decency. I cannot help thinking that this extreme sensitiveness about shirt-sleeves may have been due to the place being then chiefly known for the number of its washerwomen.

That same year, 1913, was the first in which I personally saw a whole course populated by shirt-sleeved golfers, but it was in the United States and not in England. Of course, we knew before that the Americans played coatless, and

we had even seen them do it, though, as a rule, they were such polite guests and paid such an unnecessary respect to our supposed prejudices that they suffered tortures rather than denude themselves. Nevertheless, when, on first arriving at Garden City, I saw the course dotted with these white-shirted figures, many of them in the unfamiliar combination of knickerbockers and shirt-sleeves, the spectacle, even though I had fully expected it, did seem a little strange. In a day or so it came to look perfectly natural, and when, after the war, the Americans came over coatless and conquered us, we quickly absorbed their new and sensible fashion. To-day, when we see—to mention two stalwart upholders of an outworn mode—Abe Mitchell and Mr. Robert Harris playing in their coats, there is something pleasantly archaic in the spectacle; it is almost as if Mr. William Innes, the old Blackheath golfer, should step out of the frame of his familiar picture and take the field in his red tail-coat.

For myself—though, like Mr. Hardcastle, "I love everything that's old"—I have become a backslider. I believe I had the distinction of being the only man on either side in the first Walker Cup match who played in a coat. That was not owing so much to innate conservatism as to a fear lest a worse thing should befall me—I had tried to play coatless, and the results had been eccentric and disastrous. The day of the match was steamy and sultry, and I "larded the lean earth," but in the end it had been more than worth it. Oddly enough, I had played plenty of shirt-sleeve golf in Macedonia during the war, but had never got really used to it, and had flown



to a coat again as one of the pleasant signs of peace. It is, indeed, only in quite recent years, when I have grown sadly stiff, that I have given up my coat. I suppose the stiffness of my back keeps me in check just as the coat used to do, and so I feel happier in a jersey; but if I were to take off my braces too I should still, I believe, flounder abominably. In an old cricketer poem occur the lines:

Each nymph looks askance at her favourite swain  
And views him half-stripped with both pleasure  
and pain.

I have something of the same feeling. The young gentlemen look wonderfully lithe and comfortable in their white flannels, and their air is clearly the most sensible one on a hot day, and yet I sometimes "murmur a little sadly" at the absence of coats.

It has been suggested that among the reasons for the longer driving of to-day a small one may be the greater freedom of modern attire. It is a point as to which there can be no definite proof one way or the other, but there may well be something in it. It is a curious fact that to-day, when people wear clothes that would enable them to swing longer if they wanted to, they unquestionably swing shorter than they used to. The tremendous, long swings of old days were executed by those dressed in tight coats and often in tight tall collars as well, but perhaps they did not look wholly at ease when they did it. Yet no swing could ever have looked easier than did Mr. John Ball's. I have at home a faded old photograph of him and Mr. Mure Fergusson standing in front of the Royal Hotel at Hoylake on the

occasion of their historic final in 1894: apart from the fact that he is wearing knickerbockers and not trousers, Mr. Ball might be dressed to go to an office. His coat has not a crease in it; it is buttoned tightly round him, and is cut high in front with none of the long flowing "lapels" (if that be the right word) of to-day. His collar is starched and, if not a "dog-collar," is only a little turned over in front. He presents altogether a picture of ordinary, workaday respectability; but it was in those clothes that he won the match by hitting one of the greatest of all brassey shots from the corner of the Field right home over the Dun bunker. We have often been told that it is not the coat that makes the gentleman, and it is not the lack of it that makes the golfer—but I think it helps a little.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### HOOKED A TIGER!

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."  
SIR,—All the "fishy" stories recounted by Mr. Frank Lane sink into insignificance when compared with an episode which occurred in Assam fifty years ago.

I cannot personally vouch for it, but I was told at the time, by a planter, of a fisherman who was spinning with a heavy rod and heavy bait for mahseer on a branch of the Brahmaputra. There was a bluff of scrub immediately behind him, and he lifted his bait backwards preparatory to casting. Out it struck something, and before he could "knife" a full-grown tiger sprang through the air into the river, hooked in the face. He played for an hour or two, and his attendant finally pulled it ashore—drowned.

I heard the story at the time on more than one occasion. The tiger was evidently crouching behind him on the point of springing, and the bait, catching it near the eye, accelerated its intention and caused it to over-leap into the swift, heavy water.

I always hesitate to repeat the story, as I cannot really vouch for it and it might sound somewhat like a fisherman's yarn to the sceptical, but there it is—for what it is worth.—AUSTIN E. HARRIS, Hampshire.

### ON THE LLEDR RIVER

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."  
SIR,—I am sending you a snapshot which I secured last October of salmon leaping on the Lledr River. In the opinion of fishing friends here it is of great interest to lovers of the countryside and fishermen in particular. I might mention that a fisherman slightly lower down from the jump was also success-



AN INTERESTING SALMON PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE USE MADE OF THE TAIL IN LEAPING

ful in a 12lb. or 15lb. catch.—G. F. PRIOR, Bettws-y-Coed, North Wales.

### WELSH TURNERS

TO THE EDITOR

SIR,—May I supplement Colonel Julian's interesting letter about the turners that he found working in Carmarthenshire, with the enclosed photograph? These men still possess, though they do not often use now, the old pole lathe, the oldest type of lathe known in Europe. The old man, now dead, was using his a few years ago; the photograph shows him at the lathe, and his son finishing a ladle by hand. A group of turned vessels collected in Wales, shows certain typical features. An interesting fact about this work is that the type of vessel still made shows strong affinities with that found on prehistoric sites on the Continent and in England. It would seem certain that the traditional craft came over perhaps three thousand years ago and is now lingering in West Wales among a very few families. In the Davies family, who are illustrated, the craft has been handed down for many generations. Another brother works on a larger scale by using water power.—M. W.

### "MASTERPIECES OF ENGLISH FURNITURE AND CLOCKS"

TO THE EDITOR

SIR,—It is, I believe, the duty of a reviewer to make certain of his facts before he sets out to criticise the work of an author.

In the notice of my book—*Masterpieces of English Furniture and Clocks*—which appeared in COUNTRY LIFE of December 14th, your reviewer criticises my statements concerning a cabinet made by William Vile, which was given by George III to Princess Amelia. He writes:

"Previously Mr. Symonds informed us that, according to tradition, this cabinet was given by George IV to an Admiral Vavassour."

If your reviewer had taken the trouble to look up my article, which was published in *The Connoisseur*, Vol. 86, he would then have found that it was not the cabinet illustrated in my new book that I described as being given by George IV to Admiral Vavassour, but a pair of cabinets; in fact, the same cabinets that the reviewer also suggests that I mention for the first time in this new book.

I have never made two separate and entirely different statements about a piece of furniture (one of which must necessarily be wrong), as your reviewer most unfairly accuses me of doing because through his own remissness he has made a mistake himself.—R. W. SYMONDS.

[Our reviewer, in reference to this letter, writes: "I am sorry if I misrepresented what Mr. Symonds wrote in *The Connoisseur*, but if his story about



THE OLDER TURNER, SEVENTY-SIX, AT THE POLE LATHE, HIS SON FINISHING A LADLE BY HAND

George IV and Admiral Vavassour relates, not to Mr. Geoffrey Blackwell's cabinet but to a pair of cabinets by Vile, it does not become true history on that account. Will Mr. Symonds explain both who Admiral Vavassour was and how he came to find himself 'of the Italian Navy' half a century or so before the liberation of Italy? As to the statement that Mr. Blackwell's cabinet was given by George III to the Princess Amelia, I made no comment, but should like to see the evidence for this interesting gift. It may perhaps be thought that Mr. Symonds, having presented his readers with a problematical admiral and a mythical navy, would be well advised to let the subject alone.—ED.]

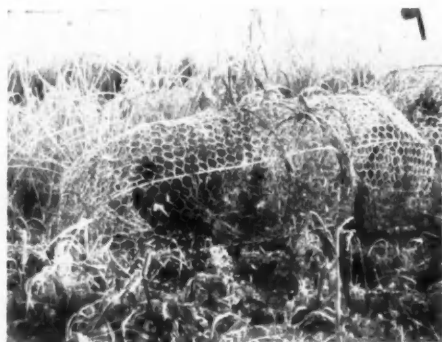
### FOREIGN FLORA

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—Your recent correspondents on foreign flora have confused the many casuals and adventives of short life which can be found in any district, and the established colonies of foreigners of definite influence upon our flora. Only an infinitesimal proportion of the foreign seeds introduced by commerce, agriculture and gardening which take root in the countryside as wildlings, establish themselves permanently and spread, hence the importance when this occurs, as with *Petasites japonicus* and *Siegesbeckia orientalis* I cited recently from new stations, and the lack of importance of the hundreds of foreign weeds that can be listed at most railways sidings, docks and ballast heaps. Your recent correspondent, Mr. Moorhouse, mentions that *Sisymbrium pannonicum* and *S. Columnae* have been observed in Cumberland, "their only English stations." This, of course, is an oversight, for *S. pannonicum* was first recorded in England on the Crosby sandhills of Lancashire in 1909 and it still is a plentiful plant on the West Lancashire dunes below Southport, where it has widely established itself.

The coloured lantern-slide photographs of these West Lancashire duneland plants taken by my friend the late Colonel C. T. Green, and now in the British Museum (Natural History), are, I believe, of the original Crosby and English plants, and it is likely that the Silloth plants, like those of the Lancashire dunes, have spread up from this area. Hooker mentions this Lancashire colony in his *Flora*. The manner in which alien plants succeed in establishing themselves always is of great botanical interest, and because Merseyside is more open than most places to this invasion we have paid some special attention to it. But a distinct difference must be made between established plants of some years' extension, and casual weeds.—ERIC HARDY.





A PHEASANT IN A PIKE TRAP

## STRANGE CAPTURES

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—Last year, in the "Fisherman's Diary," I made several references to strange captures in pike-traps. My wife took this photograph on the banks of the Test at Longstock. It shows a young cock pheasant, which had stupidly ventured inside a trap that had been left on the path. To the bag of captures I can also add several cats that have entered traps near Stockbridge.—ROY BEDDINGTON.

## THE FINEST ROMAN ROAD

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—From time to time in the pages of COUNTRY LIFE I have noticed descriptions of old trackways and roads, but I have yet to see mention of the finest Roman road in Britain: that over Blackstone Edge, on the border of Lancashire and Yorkshire. It branches off from the present main road at what is known as the "White House," just beyond Littleborough, and climbs over the wild moorlands of the Pennines, finally to join the modern highway again at Bailings Gate, on the Yorkshire side of the Edge. The Roman way, which can be followed for its entire length of two miles, is paved with the local gritstone, its width being about fifteen feet. The chief feature is the central trough of masoned stones, about two feet across, the purpose of which has yet to be discovered. Drainage has been suggested, but the fact that there are vestiges of gutters at either side of the road rules this theory out. My own opinion, and that shared by many field archaeologists, is that the deep groove was specially cut for braking purposes, and that a faggot brake, consisting of a large bundle of bound sticks, was trailed behind the Roman baggage wagons or chariots in the central trough when on the down grade. The fact that the hollow is not so pronounced on the level as on the inclines lends support to this theory. If such a brake as I have described was used, the central groove would stop the trailing faggot from careering wildly across the road. Incidentally, I am told on good authority that faggot brakes are used in the Italian Alps and Corsica to the present day.

According to the Ordnance Survey map of Roman Britain, the Roman road over Blackstone Edge was part of the great military way linking Manchester (Mancunium) with York (Eboracum), and is considered to be one of the finest stretches of paved Roman way in western Europe. The road was still in use in mediæval times, and it is known that Daniel Defoe, the author of "Robinson Crusoe," travelled that way to Halifax at the beginning of the eighteenth century, for even at that late date it was the only practical road over that part of the Pennines.—CYRIL R. ROWSON.

## THE RAT PROBLEM

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—While the nation is being urgently asked to adopt every possible means for the extermination of

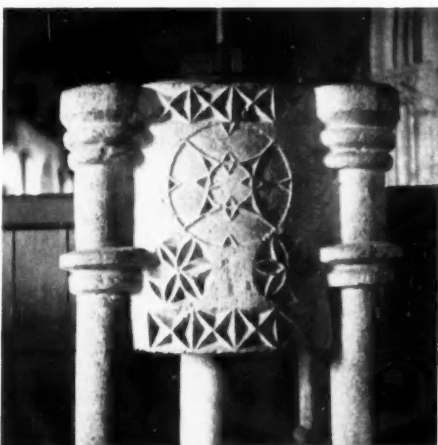
rats (and each rat harboured costs at least £1 a year in the amount of food which it eats or contaminates), it seems grossly unfair that break-back traps should be subjected to purchase tax, while gin traps go free of this imposition. The gin or steel trap is not suitable for rats, as so many escape by gnawing or twisting off a paw, unless it has 5in. jaws—and this large size makes them very expensive. Also, this steel-toothed type causes a lot of quite unnecessary suffering.

On the other hand, break-back traps are far more efficient for these animals, especially those which are made entirely of steel. These are undoubtedly the most efficient rat-traps on the market, as they kill instantly, and often two at a time where rats are plentiful. Fortunately, these traps are free of the purchase tax for the present, as the manufacturer has not been required to register.—C. VAN DER BYL, Major, Founder of the Humane Trapping Campaign.



PART OF THE CENTRAL CHANNEL OF THE ROMAN ROAD OVER BLACKSTONE EDGE

It is supposed that this was specially cut for the faggot brakes of the Roman wagons



TWELFTH CENTURY FONT IN CUBERT CHURCH

## SOME CORNISH FONTS OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—From time to time you have published photographs of fonts illustrating the individuality of local craftsmen. I therefore enclose three examples of twelfth-century Cornish fonts which may be of interest to some of your readers. They depict the increasing skill in design and craftsmanship throughout the century, growing from the simple into elaborate bowls supported by five pillars and richly carved panels. These three examples are situated within a few miles of each other.

Fountains of this period appealed greatly to fifteenth-century builders, and it is not unusual to find them copied at a time when most churches underwent partial re-building and enlargement. Interesting as these fonts are, they are not comparable with the originals, a lack of sturdiness in proportion seems to be the chief difference.

I should be very much interested to know if this practice of copying earlier work is shared by any other district.—PATRICK HORSBUGH.



IN NEWLYN EAST CHURCH (Circa 1170)



A WILD GREAT TIT FEEDS FROM HIS FRIEND'S HAND

## PHOTOGRAPHING BIRDS IN WINTER THROUGH THE WINDOW

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—Mr. W. B. Redmayne's letter in your issue of December 28 interested me, as, owing to restrictions on camera work out of doors, I too became interested in photography of birds "through the window." I enclose a photograph of a great tit about to take a pea nut from the hand of my wife. This was taken through glass on a fast panchromatic plate with a shutter speed of one-fiftieth of a second at F 4.5.

This bird, although not claiming the vicinity as his territory, has visited us fairly regularly for the past eighteen months, and is much more intelligent than the others and will come to me in the garden and take a nut. When no one is in the dining-room he will search the bedrooms above, and on one occasion when we were in the front of the house came and presented himself at the window, and when my wife went to the front door flew to her and took the nut from her hand.

At the present time two great tits and one blue tit will feed from the hand as illustrated. Last winter a coal tit appeared and, after seeing the others feed from hand, soon followed suit and became almost a nuisance, because it flew away, hid the nut, and came back at once for another, and kept repeating these tactics. It has not put in an appearance this winter.—H. TAYLOR, Chelmsford.

## FOR RUSTIC GOURMETS

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—In some parts of the country this is proving to be a great winter for redwings and fieldfares. As all game and poultry are now extremely dear (turkey prices have run up to 3s. a pound), it may be permissible to recall that the ancient Romans, who knew a thing or two about food, had so high an opinion of redwings and fieldfares as table birds that they thought them worthy of being fattened in special mews. The netted birds were fed, says Bewick, on a paste made from flour, bruised figs and various other foods: in Roman markets three denarii or two shillings was no uncommon price to pay for a fattened redwing. In his "History of Fowling" the Rev. H. A. Macpherson relates that 5,000 thrushes were sometimes fattened in a single mew in one season, and he adds that "cramming newly-caught Thrushes really paid a better profit on capital than cultivating a good farm." In our own time the flavour of wild fieldfares has been compared with that of woodcock. On the Continent the birds are particularly esteemed when they have been feeding on juniper berries—as old William Turner noted so long ago as 1551, when he wrote of juniper in his "New Herbal":

"it groweth in Germany in many places in greete plenty but in no place greater than a lytle from Bon, where as at the time of year the feldefares fede only of Junipers berries, the people eate the feldefares undrawn with guttes and all because they are full of the berries of the Juniper."

—J. D. U. WARD, Reading.



IN ST. ENODER CHURCH

## FOUR FOXES IN A TREE

[This account of foxes aloft, which has been sent us by a Warwickshire correspondent, is interesting not only for the description it gives of the climbing ability of the fox, but also for the light it throws on the war-time difficulties confronting Masters of Hounds and poultry-keepers even in the heart of the Shires. Hunting is being continued, not for sport's sake, but to kill foxes, and with reduced packs and personnel, to say nothing of greatly reduced finances, it is difficult for hounds to get everywhere they are wanted. We cannot blame our correspondent, nor, we feel sure, will the M.F.H., for taking the course that he did, though possibly his poultry were not in so great a danger as he supposed, for foxes do not usually kill close at home.—ED.]

**A** KEEN east wind forced me, as I trudged across the fields, to seek the lee side of the hedgerows. Happening to raise my head for a moment, I suddenly found myself looking straight into a pair of keen, dark eyes. In a fork of a near-by tree, and some twenty feet up, crouched a fox. His ears were pricked, his eyes steady. So motionless was he that I was uncertain whether he was dead or alive. I pretended not to have noticed him, and continued walking until I was some twenty or thirty yards beyond the tree.

This incident occurred only a few hundred yards distant from my poultry-yard, and I decided to take drastic action. Making a wide détour of the field I was in, I returned to some buildings I had left only a short time before and procured a gun.

I approached the tree once more from the same direction. The fox was still crouched in the same position. As I drew within range I prepared to shoot, but, before I could do so, the fox leapt, not downwards, as I had anticipated, but upwards, disappearing, in the twinkling of an eye, into a large hole in the tree. As I could do nothing more alone, I hurried to the nearest farmhouse, about a quarter of a mile away, and soon three of us, two with guns, accompanied by a bob-tailed sheepdog that simply enjoyed tackling foxes single-handed, returned to the spot.



J. T. Newman

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### AN ADULT FOX CAUGHT UNAWARES BY THE CAMERA

The tree into which the fox had disappeared was an old elm which hung rather precariously over a pond. The top had been blown clean off in a gale, leaving a trunk which looked rather like a bottle with its neck broken off. The best climber among us was soon clambering up the tree. About ten feet from the ground was a large hole. The climber peered in, and was startled to find himself facing a snarling fox. A few seconds later a muffled report from his gun told us that the fox was dead.

Being not a little surprised that a fox should enter a tree from the top and climb down inside, we persuaded our friend to investigate. Up he went to the next hole, into which I had first seen the fox disappear. As we suspected, that hole contained a fox too. This

one also was quickly despatched. Our friend then proceeded to the top of the tree, which even here was hollow. Looking down inside, he saw still another fox, which was also shot. Our friend then thrust his hand down the hole with the intention of dragging out his victim. He discovered, however, that this hole contained two occupants, one of which was still very much alive!

We had no more cartridges, but were determined to dispose of this fourth fox somehow. Accordingly, we made a running noose with a piece of string, which our friend up the tree attempted to drop over the fox's head. This was a difficult task, and it was nearly half an hour before it was accomplished. From the ground we saw the cord drawn tight, and a few seconds later a struggling fox drawn forth. When he found that he was clear of the hole, and feeling the cord drawing tighter round his neck, the animal struggled so wildly that his captor was obliged to let go his hold on the cord. The fox's fall was broken by the branches of the tree, and the moment he touched the ground he was off like a shot, and our dog after him.

The fox, on finding a pursuer so close on his heels, turned and faced the dog, and a great battle began. But it did not last long. After a bold attack the dog succeeded in throwing the fox off his balance, and grasped him by the throat, shaking him as though he were a rat. Soon the fox was dead and the dog exhausted.

Why foxes should "hole-up" in so strange a lair I leave my readers to discuss among themselves. One thing, however, is proved beyond question: the fox can certainly climb trees, and do so with the agility of a cat, for, as our investigations afterwards revealed, even the topmost hole in the tree was reached from the outside. The internal construction of the trunk was such that it made an ideal block of comfortable flats, whose occupants had their presence betrayed only because one of them happened to be "taking the air" on his balcony out of hours.

R. N. BARRETT.

## CHRISTMAS LEAVE OVER

**T**HIS room smells of humbugs!" said my second son in a loud voice as we entered the dining-room of the hotel where my evacuated family now lives. I looked round cautiously to see who had heard this ambiguous remark, suggesting at the same time the impossibility of his statement except in a sweet-shop. But he wrinkled his nose and would not be denied. "I like the smell of horses," he continued, pursuing the same theme, this time based on a bicycle ride we had all taken (he on his tricycle) that morning in the wake of two sweating ponies. "How do they make that nice smell?" The timely arrival of the rest of the family and food headed him off further speculation, to the relief of our neighbours.

I often smile at these remarks now that my Christmas leave is over and I am back in the Mess. And the voices of the children, echoing in those hills where there is no war, still ring in my head above the shouts and bugles and marching feet of the barrack square. With them lives reality, with us grim unreality. Wordsworth knew that when, disillusioned by wars and revolutions, he retired to those same hills. There, among the unbowed peaks and everlasting rocks and streams, the wind-bent lichen woods, and lakes that glint in sun and gloom in storm, he found the answer for his questing heart and proclaimed it in poetry for all men to read. And reading is the best that we to-day, who see the hills on niggard days of leave, can do.

Just now it is on memories I live, rare memories of my Christmas leave. Visits with the children to their friend the carpenter, who, in his barn-like workshop on the top of the hill, was making a sledge for the squire's son to be carried up to the squire's house in the dark on Christmas Eve; and the setting of tank-traps on the way there by laying fragments of ice in the road—to make tanks skid. Family

"elevenses" at the village cake shop, which unhappily took the edge off the family appetite for dinner. A walk up frozen paths hung with icicles like chandeliers, when the earth lay hushed and tranquil and life stirred only in the hurrying stream, a fresh-turned mole-hill, a wheeling buzzard and the slowly climbing sun which glowed in triumph on the snow-capped crests. Even the farm we passed was a ruin, with an ash tree growing up the stairs and the blue immensity of space looking down through the ragged roof. Beyond, we came upon an old man in a sunny corner, gazing over the valley; and higher still we heard a huntsman's holloa and saw white specks of hounds working among the crags. So we too, my wife and I, stood by a sunny wall on Idle Hill and watched the distant hunt.

Beside the clear-cut memory of that brilliant day stands another memory of Christmas Eve, when we lit the four green candles round our home-made crib and let the children in to see it. They themselves had made it the day before, a cardboard box roofed with fir twigs for stable, a manger of seccotined wood, a star of silver paper supported on silver wires, hay from the farm, animals from the nursery, and the Babe a miniature doll in a white sleeping-bag. Such was our crib, set out on a tray in the arched fireplace whose emptiness loomed behind and above, black as night. While the children knelt to look inside with the candlelight in their curls, we heard carol singers out in the garden. "Once in Royal David's city," they sang, those other children, chance music-makers for our indoor mystery, and one almost saw a host of wings around the star. "How dissu-perior!" gasped the middle child, who usually coins the apt word.

But it was another boy who, in a game after tea where you had to think of a thing

beginning with a certain letter, invented the country of Vulgaria, where "an important invention" was Scripture and "something that comes to us all sooner or later," Wetness. Be that as it may, something did come to us on Christmas Night that by no means comes to all—an envoy from Father Christmas disguised as Harlequin, with "Best Swishes" on his wooden sword. He distributed presents off the tree, reciting suitably comic verses with each, and told the tale of *Cinderella* with running illustrations in chalks on sheets of brown paper pinned up on a screen. To see the mighty yellow pumpkin changed into a golden coach and Cinderella's rags and bundle of sticks into ball dress and sheaf of lilies was to believe in Francis Thompson's "Know you what it is to be a child?"

Such bright memories, stimulated by the pipe that was my eldest son's present (chosen and bought in secret out of his own money), lit my mind's eye as I drove back to duty by night down the Great North Road; changed a punctured wheel at 2 a.m. on the top of a wind-swept railway bridge, while an aerial lighthouse on the horizon sent far-flung beams swinging across the clouded sky; and breakfasted at three o'clock on coffee and biscuits beside a wood not far from the tempting Haycock Hotel, my last link with peace-time holidays, for it was there my wife and I stopped for tea on our way home from Grasmere in the spring before the war. As I rugged myself up for a few hours' sleep I wished I might sleep as soundly as did that old haymaker on his floating haycock, and wake up to find my wife once more stepping into the car on our first post-war holiday. But in that dream-come-true I will, after a breakfast at the Haycock of more than coffee and biscuits, and the car will be pointing north towards the many-arched bridge of Wansford-in-England and the hills beyond.

G. R. S.



## Regimental badges—IV.

## SOME KING'S AND QUEEN'S REGIMENTS

By LT.-COL. W. L. JULYAN

THESE are several regiments of the line which bear the title of King's or Queen's Regiments, and in addition some of them are also styled "Royal." Those not previously described in this series of short histories are dealt with now in the Army List order of seniority.

## THE QUEEN'S ROYAL REGIMENT (WEST SURREY). REGIMENTAL No. 2

This distinguished regiment dates back as far as 1661, when it was raised by the Earl of Peterborough. He was Governor of the town of Tangier, part of the dowry brought to Charles II by Catherine of Braganza. So valuable a possession called for an efficient garrison, and the regiment soon found themselves dealing with a surprise attack. Some 24,000 Moors made the attempt, but were held at bay by forty men until the whole garrison could be got together. In 1692 it became a Royal regiment as a reward for special service at Tongres in the Netherlands. After the death of Charles the unit for a time was known as the Queen Dowager's Regiment, and in the reign of George I was renamed H.R.H. the Princess of Wales' Own Regiment of Foot. As always happens, there were some who attached much importance to old titles and associations, and by their efforts the regiment again became "The Queen's Own" in 1745. Under the general renaming scheme on a territorial basis in 1881 it became "The Queen's Royal West Surrey Regiment," and its present official style was adopted in 1921. Many famous soldiers have served with it, among whom may be mentioned Ensign John Churchill, later the famous Duke of Marlborough, who at the age of twenty-one joined from the Foot Guards. It was one of those units which served for a time as Marines and, under Lord Howe, fought with distinction on that day in 1792 which has come down in history as "The Glorious First of June"; their Naval crown was awarded for this engagement. Some of the regiment were aboard the ill-fated *Birkenhead* in 1852.

The unit has the distinction of possessing a third Colour bearing a Royal cipher, said to have been the gift of Catherine, and on certain ceremonial parades it is carried. The battle honours, beginning with "Tangier 1662-80," are too long to give in detail, but they represent gallant service on many a front. Twenty-five battalions served during the Great War, and added, among other honours, "Messines 1917," "Hindenburg Line," "Gallipoli 1915," and "North West Frontier India 1916-17."

The cap badge is the Pascal Lamb carrying the banner of St. George, and it originated from the Royal House of Braganza.

## THE KING'S OWN ROYAL REGIMENT (LANCASTER). REGIMENTAL No. 4

This regiment started as the 2nd Tangier Regiment, and was formed in 1680 by Lord Windsor. Then it was soon given the name of the Duchess of York and Albany's Regiment and became the 4th Foot. In 1685 it became The Queen's Regiment of Foot, which was soon amended to Queen's Own Regiment.

When William of Orange landed at Torbay on his way to London to become King this was the first regiment to rally to his standard. King George I gave it its present name without the territorial designation of Lancaster in 1715, though in 1881 it

was altered to King's Own (Royal Lancaster) Regiment; but after the Great War the old form was reverted to.

Like several other famous regiments, it served for a time as Marines, and was then known as the 2nd Marine Regiment.

For many years the old King's Colour of the regiment was in the care of the parish church of Lancaster; it is unusual in that the cross of St. Patrick does not appear in it. There was an interesting ceremony at Yately in Hampshire in 1927, when this Colour, dating from 1799, was passed back to the keeping of the regiment.

The battle honours begin with "Namur 1695," and have others of fame, such as "Gibraltar 1704-5," "Salamanca," "St. Sebastian," "Inkerman," and "Abyssinia." Among those added by the sixteen battalions of the Great War are "Marne 1914," "Somme 1916, '18," "Arras 1917, '18," and "Macedonia 1915-18."

The cap badge is the Lion of England. Its origin is somewhat obscure, but most authorities agree that it was given for signal service to William of Orange, and it is the only unit to bear it.

## THE KING'S REGIMENT (LIVERPOOL). REGIMENTAL No. 8

James II raised the regiment in 1685, and for a time it was called Princess Anne of Denmark's Regiment. Queen Anne changed its title to Queen's Regiment—giving this distinction because of its special service in the Marlborough campaigns. But George I in 1715 altered it to The King's Regiment. In 1751 it became the 8th Foot, and in 1881 it became associated with Liverpool and called

The King's (Liverpool) Regiment. After the Great War the present form was decided on.

In 1756 a second battalion was formed, but that broke away to become the Manchester, to be followed by a new second battalion in 1858. By a curious coincidence, in 1809, at Martinique, the French regiment of the same number surrendered to the 8th.

Battle honours start with "Blenheim" and go on with many others famed in our long island story, including "Malplaquet," "Niagara," "Delhi 1857," "Lucknow," "Defence of Ladysmith," to the Great War days when its forty-five battalions added many others—among them "Aisne 1914," "Festubert 1915," "Scarpe 1917, '18," and "Cambrai 1917, '18."

Its regimental march of "Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen" is among the best-known and most catchy tunes of the Army.

It was one of the regiments to be given the Hanover White Horse, and the cap badge is unique in having this in a prancing position.

## THE KING'S OWN SCOTTISH BORDERERS. REGIMENTAL No. 25

William of Orange in 1688 commanded the Earl of Leven to raise a regiment in the City of Edinburgh to defend the Lowlands against his enemies, and in 1689 the Edinburgh Regiment made history by being formed at full strength in half a day. Many regiments associated with the City of London enjoy special privileges, and this regiment acquired similar ones in Edinburgh, including that of recruiting in the streets without permission from the Lord Provost. However, in 1781 there was a clash with the civil authorities, and the regiment cut its connection and became The Sussex Regiment. The change was neither popular nor of long standing, and soon things were put right. For long now the regiment has had the privilege of marching through the Scottish capital with fixed bayonets, drums beating, and the Colours uncased.

In 1745 the unit became the 25th Foot. It was one of those that gained renown at Minden, and the rose is still worn on Minden Day. It is to George III they owe the distinctive title King's Own Borderers, and with this he conferred the Hanover White Horse in 1805. In 1881 the present title came into use with the general reorganisation of the Army on a territorial basis.

The battle honours, starting with "Namur 1695" like those of the 4th Foot, include the somewhat unusual ones of "Egmont-op-Zee," "Chitral," "Tirah," and "Paardeberg." In the Great War its twelve battalions brought among others "Loos"—where Piper Laidlaw gained the Victoria Cross for standing on the parapet playing the pipes to cheer the men on even after receiving two leg wounds. The tradition of unusual honours was kept up by adding "Soissons-Ourcq," though it shared with many the famous "Mons," "Gallipoli 1915-16," and "Gaza."

Among its famous mottoes is "Nisi Dominus Frustra"—or "Unless God be with us all is in vain"—and this is incorporated in the badge on the headdress. The pipers wear the Royal Stuart tartan, though the regimental one is the Leslie.

Like those of several Scottish units, the badge is a composite one and contains the St. Andrew's Cross, the Castle of Edinburgh, with the Royal crest surmounting all. Besides the motto already referred to there is "In Veritate Religiosis Confido"—"To trust



The Queen's Royal Regiment (West Surrey) Regimental No. 2



The King's Regiment (Liverpool) Regimental No. 8



The Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment Regimental No. 50



The King's Own Royal Regiment (Lancaster) Regimental No. 4



The King's Own Scottish Borderers Regimental No. 25



The Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders Regimental No. 79

in the Truth of our Religion," together with the regimental name encircling the inner portion of the badge.

#### THE QUEEN'S OWN ROYAL WEST KENT REGIMENT. REGIMENTAL No. 50

This regiment was raised in 1756 by Colonel Abercrombie as the 52nd Foot, and soon after, on reorganisation, became the 50th. In 1782 the designation West Kent Regiment was added, and in 1830 the present title was introduced. The regiment gave outstanding service in the Peninsula. Sir John Moore gave it special mention and praise.

The second battalion was raised in 1824 as the Earl of Ulster's Regiment, and on account of wearing sky blue facings gained for a time the nickname "Celestials." They merged with the 50th in 1881. The battle honours include "Vimiera," "Alma," "Inkerman," "New Zealand," and in the Great War its eighteen battalions added many more, including "Hill 60," "Vimy 1917," "Italy 1917-18" and the unusual one "Sharqat." Perhaps among its many gallant deeds in the years 1914-18 the stand at Neuve Chapelle will go

down as one of the outstanding feats in the annals of the British army.

The cap badge is the White Horse of Kent, with the motto "Invicta"—Unconquered.

#### THE QUEEN'S OWN CAMERON HIGHLANDERS. REGIMENTAL No. 79

Sir Alan Cameron of Erracht founded the regiment in 1793 as the 79th Foot, and the men were in the main from the Cameron Clan. The name Cameron Highlanders soon came into use, and in 1873 "The Queen's Own" was added.

Strangely enough, it is the only regiment connected by name with Queen Victoria, though she reigned so long and so many changes were made in the Army during that time. In view of this, permission was given by Royal authority in 1921 to place the Royal cipher of Queen Victoria within the Garter on the regimental Colour.

The tartan is the Cameron Erracht—which is a variation of the ordinary Cameron, and is worn in honour of Sir Alan.

Among the battle honours are "Corunna," "Salamanca," "Peninsular," "Waterloo," "Lucknow," "Khartoum," and "South Africa 1900-02." The thirteen battalions of the Great War added many, including "Marne 1914, '18," "Neuve Chapelle," "Delville Wood," and "Sambre." Though its history is shorter than some regimental ones its record is as proud.

The badge on the headdress is a pleasing one, thoroughly Scottish, with St. Andrew holding his cross encircled by a wreath of thistles, and the word "Cameron" in a scroll.

It must be emphasised that these regiments have many alternative badges, to which reference cannot be made in a short sketch, and only the main badge, worn in the headdress, is described here. This is not always the same for all the battalions of the regiment, but these distinctions the reader must follow up in some book giving the history of the particular unit in detail. For every component part of a badge there is a reason, and to every distinction in dress a history, and this combined with the details of changes makes regimental history a fascinating study.

## THE ROMANCE OF A MARE

### SAINT JOAN AND HER HISTORY

THE recent wins of Paladin over fences, which prove him to be without a doubt one of the most accomplished jumpers to be introduced in recent years, serve as an introduction to the topical and hitherto unnoticed story of his dam Saint Joan, who, like Agnes and Ellen Horne of bygone days and Friar's Daughter and Simonath of later times, was a bargain purchase and so a relief to read about in these days of stress.

To get to the real basis, and no story is complete without one, it is necessary to go back to Saint Joan's great-grandam, who was an unnamed mare by the Ascot Gold Cup and Alexandra Plate winner Timothy, who was an own-brother by the Derby winner Hermit to the Royal Hunt Cup victor Peter, and came from Florence Montgomery, she by Galopin. Bred in Ireland by Colonel H. McCalmont and sold as a foal at the foot of her dam at the First July Sales of 1897 for 125gs., this mare never ran and, at the April auction held by Goff's at Ballsbridge in 1904, was passed on to a Mr. M. Smith for 66gs. and, for him, to a mating with Hackler's son Flying Hackle, bred Saint Joan's grandam Flighty Flo. Having made 75gs. as a yearling, Flighty Flo, like her dam, was never submitted to the exigencies of the racecourse, but spent part at least of her active life acting as the mount of the whipper-in to the North Durham Foxhounds, and was then sold privately, at the age of seven with a filly foal at foot by Desmond, to Mr. Henry Cholmondeley, for so long the manager of the Sledmere Stud, for, so rumour goes, £5,000. The size of this figure, which was a large one for an ex-hunter mare, was partly accounted for by the excellence of her accompanying foal, who was listed some twelve months later at the annual Doncaster Yearling Auction and found a new owner in Dr. Russell Ryan, an enthusiastic Irish breeder, at a cost of 1,200gs. This was in 1914, and, probably on account of the then war, the filly, who was named Flo Desmond, repaired straight to the paddocks, there to become the dam of Little Teresa, who found her way to South Africa, and Saint Joan. A daughter of Willbrook, the runner-up to Aleppo in the Ascot Gold Cup of 1914, Saint

Joan won the Crabtree Plate at Gatwick and the Stanford Stakes at Folkestone as a youngster, and then, as a three year old in 1921, was sent to Germany to be sold, but, failing to find a buyer, came back to England, to be sent, almost straight away, to India. In this far-off country she won a race, but was not away for long, as in 1924 her name was catalogued at the December Sales and, carrying a foal by the St. Leger winner Black Jester, she was knocked down to her breeder Dr. Russell Ryan, for the somewhat insignificant sum of 35gs. Her foal, later to be known as True Life, made double this figure when sold at the popular Dublin auction, and afterwards became responsible for the useful winner Vitality, and, at her next mating to Bachelor's Double, Saint Joan foaled Double Life, of whom there is more to be written in a minute. Her next produce for Dr. Ryan were Joan Haste and Becassine, both of whom begat winners, and then, after foaling Domremy who earned two brackets of £278 before being exported to India, she was sold privately to Mr. Harry Cottrill, but, failing to do much service for him, was passed on, carrying a foal by Birthright, to Sir Alfred Butt for 150gs., and for this popular owner foaled Paladin who, after an unsuccessful career as a youngster, was sold for 160gs. and celebrated this by scoring

in four events, worth £598, in his second season, and, after further success as a four year old, was put to jumping and has proved himself a gelding with distinct Grand National possibilities.

That, so far as anything that matters, completes the story of Saint Joan, who, incidentally, was destroyed last year at the ripe age of twenty-two, and a return can be made to her daughter Double Life. A rather lightly made, varminty chestnut, she came up as a yearling at the Second October Sales of 1927 and, after some slight, but not particularly keen, competition, was knocked down to Sir Harold Wernher on behalf of his wife Lady Zia Wernher, for 600gs. Naturally, the Wernher "Green and yellow (halved)" jacket is more commonly associated with the doings of that dour old gelding Brown Jack, who, taking into account a contingency, cost £800, but it is doubtful—in fact, improbable—that he was the better bargain, as Double Life—the produce, mind you, of a 35g. mare—proved herself to be very nearly, if not quite, the best of her sex and age on the racecourse and has, even now, a matronly record that bears the most critical examination. But twice unplaced in her six races as a two year old and with brackets in the Worth Plate at Gatwick and the Abergavenny Plate at Lewes to her credit, she came out in her second season and, after two

losing efforts, won the Perkins Memorial Plate at Newcastle, the Chesterfield Cup at Goodwood, the Duke of York Handicap at Kempton Park and, with a roll. penalty, the Cambridgeshire, so earning, in all, the sum of £5,647 in prize-money. This was a satisfactory return for her cost, but more was to come, as, repairing to the paddocks, she very shortly became responsible for Precipitation who won the Ascot Gold Cup and six other events of £18,419, and Casanova, a typical chestnut son of Hyperion, who, in the opinion of many good judges, was only robbed of classic and Cup honours by the war and is now a stable-companion of Precipitation's at the Someries Stud in Newmarket. Now only in her fourteenth year and so at her zenith as a brood mare, Double Life has a three year old by Bahram and a two year old by Windsor Lad in training and a yearling colt by the former growing up.

ROYSTON.



W. A. Rouch DOUBLE LIFE, daughter of a 35 guinea mare  
She has won £5,647 as prize-money, and has already produced some remarkable foals, including Precipitation, whose earnings were worth £18,419

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# THE STREETS OF LONDON

A Review by MARY CROSBIE

*The Streets of London*, by Thomas Burke.  
(Batsford, 10s. 6d.)

**N**AZI bombs may shatter buildings and plough up streets, but London lives on. Mr. Burke could not have chosen a subject likelier to harden and exhilarate London's spirit in the present than this reminder of her animated past. His review of her common life goes back over six centuries, with a glance at an even further past. Most people who talk of old London think of Victorian, or possibly of Dickensian, London. They have seen in the bound volumes of *Punch*, which used to be in every country house, knifeboard omnibuses, crossing-sweepers in rags, top-hatted citizens and their fat wives—were all the middle classes stout in Charles Keane's day? They can imagine the London of *Oliver Twist* and poor Joe and the Nicklebys, with Dickens's incomparable help. But they find it hard to see the street life of mediæval or Stuart or even Georgian times with any certainty. Yet the astonishing vivacity of the capital city lays hold of anyone who reads, for instance, the Norman Fitzstephen's account of its amusements in the years after the Conquest—the horse-races at Smithfield, the skating and cock-throwing and games of football; or Holinshed's curiously personal and touching account of Jane Shore's penance:

In her penance she went, in countenance and pace demure, so womanly that albeit she was out of all array, save her kirtle only, yet went she so fair and lovely, namely, while the wondering of the people cast a comely red in her cheeks, that her great shame won her much praise among those that were more amorous of her body than curious of her soul, and many good folks that hated her living (and were glad to see sin corrected) yet pitied they more her penance than rejoiced therein, when they considered that the Protector procured it more of a corrupt intent than any virtuous affection.

Chroniclers, parish records, State papers give, amid their duller matter, such sudden, sharp insight into the London of long ago that the reader gets a shock of reality.

Mr. Burke, vigorous and knowledgeable, shows the stir and the colour of London life, the brawls and games, the spectacles and riots and merrymakings. He tells little of the sober, indoor, domestic life; and with reason, for, as he says, Londoners lived much in the streets. It was easy, then, to run out of doors to see a cardinal on his way to Westminster; or a riot of 'prentices; or a baker who had given short weight riding by with his face to the horse's tail and a placard stating his crime hung round his neck. At the street corner there might be a fishmonger in the pillory and

the bad fish he had sold was being burnt under his nose, to the loud delight of the crowd. A hanging or a tournament, a May Day procession, a bear being led to the baiting—the brutality of our ancestors is a thing that checks all desire to return to mediævalism, but one has to remember that they faced brutal punishments themselves—there was endless liveliness

Five hundred years ago a drunken man was "boozy," a companion was a "cove," a group of friends was "the bunch," clothes were "duds" or "slops," stealing from shops was "lifting" . . . and when a man was sent in the hangman's cart to Tyburn he was said to have "gone westward."

And the minor (as well as the major) crimes are much the same. The confidence trick, the card-sharper, the sinister welcome for the young man or the young woman from the country were all early inventions of the worse sort of Londoner, or, more probably, inherited from ancient Greece or Rome.

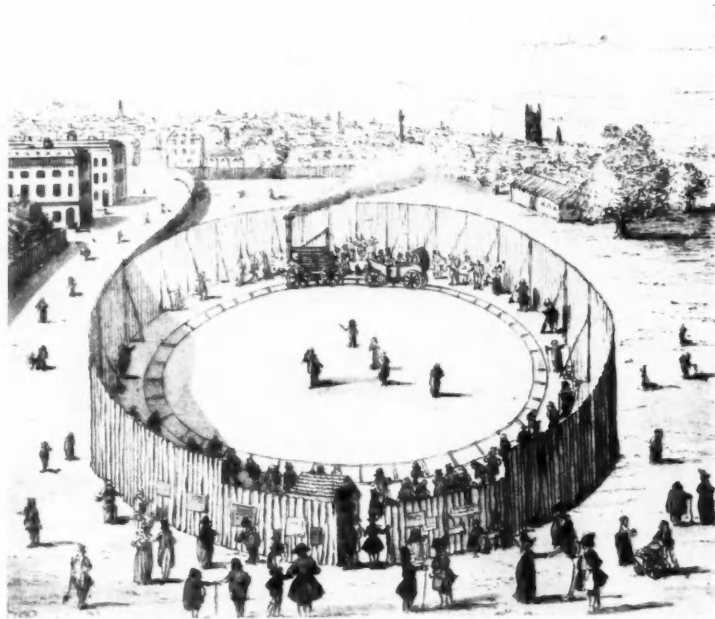
There is not much in the streets themselves to recall mediæval London—the Firesaw to that—but there is still background here and there for Mr. Burke's picture of Restoration and Georgian London; the Piazza, Covent Garden, is within hail of the offices of *COUNTRY LIFE*—and there, as Hogarth and Addison's *Spectator* and other commentators show, the low life and high life of eighteenth-century London eddied and ebbed. We can still see doorways on which the milkmaid used to chalk her score, and lamp-holders that have looked down on sedan-chairs. And sometimes—rarely now—we can hear the squeak of *Punch* in a side street (he appeared among us, says Mr. Burke, in the year of the Fire) and can gaze on the drama that is entralling the crowd in Robert Cruickshank's print, used as a jacket design for the book; but

the crowd will be small and unprofitable, and nobody will throw up a window to watch the show.

London streets had more variety, more colour, more event before we were tamed by Victorianism—the introduction of the tea-garden in the early eighteenth century began the process, Mr. Burke suggests—though at the present moment they have event enough and to spare. But only in Regency streets, still disorderly, still noisy, still in many respects mediæval, could you be drowned in beer.

Middle-aged people of to-day may remember Meux's Brewery, which, up to 1918, stood at the end of Tottenham Court Road. It was there one hundred years earlier. . . . One of its vats, which held over three thousand gallons of beer, burst without warning, and in bursting split the hoops of a number of other vats. Nearly ten thousand gallons of beer poured out of the brewery with the pace of a storm tide. It washed away carts, horses and the walls of near-by houses. It poured into areas and basements and in a few seconds rose to the ceilings of the lower rooms. . . . When it subsided, eight bodies were found in the sodden cellars of the Rookery.

Admirably illustrated, like all Batsford books, the vivacity of *The Streets of London* has a matchless gusto.



AN EXHIBITION OF STEAM TRACTION BY TREVITHICK'S "CATCH-ME-WHO-CAN" ON THE SITE OF EUSTON STATION, 1809. From a drawing by Thomas Rowlandson

(From "The Streets of London.")

in the streets of London when the city was a place of homes and not of offices and warehouses. There might be tragic and horrid as well as gay sights—a cook being boiled to death in Smithfield for attempting to poison his master, a King's favourite seized and beheaded out of hand—but those who had shared in the affair (or kept safely on its outskirts) would go home to dinner as usual. Now the housewife is gone or almost gone from the City streets. She no longer takes her basket to Chepe, to buy fish in Friday Street or the "rybbes of befe" which Lydgate says were cried in Eastcheap, "with many a pye."

Yet as one looks back over the streets of mediæval, Stuart, and Georgian times, so vigorously set astir by Mr. Burke, one does not need his reminder that the veritable spirit of London remains curiously constant. The messenger boy, the carman, the costermonger are the natural descendants of the 'prentice, the carter, the vociferous shopkeeper of the past; and the crowd that gathers about road-menders or about a man who sells £1 notes for sixpence is, in essence, that which gathered about the pillory. And even their slang is inherited, says Mr. Burke:

A number of U.S. types are included, and no fewer than eighteen pages are devoted to training methods. Few parents seem to know as much as their children about these things: in that sense this handsome production should do much to redress the balance between the new world and the old! In particular it should be put into the hands of every candidate for the Air Training Corps.

## A NOVEL OF WALES

Mr. Thomas Firbank, whose autobiography *I Bought a Mountain* was reviewed at length in *COUNTRY LIFE*, has now published a novel, *Bride to the Mountain* (Harrap, 7s. 6d.), the scene of which is again the Welsh mountains. It has some good points in common with its predecessor, appreciation of Welsh character and scenery, and the power to flash clear, revealing, authentic pictures of both before the reader's inner eye. Mr. Firbank knows also a great deal about climbing, and has made some exciting descriptions of ascents an integral part of his novel. It is sad to have to admit

that, with stage so excellently set, play so well cast, and company so perfectly dressed, the story he has to tell is, not in its broad lines but in its detail, almost ridiculous. There are so many terrible fights, so much throat cutting and cleaving with a hatchet, that the reader may be forgiven for a passing doubt as to whether Mr. Firbank is not trying to burlesque rustic life after the manner of Miss Gibbons's *Cold Comfort Farm*. He will write a better novel when he has less inclination towards melodrama.

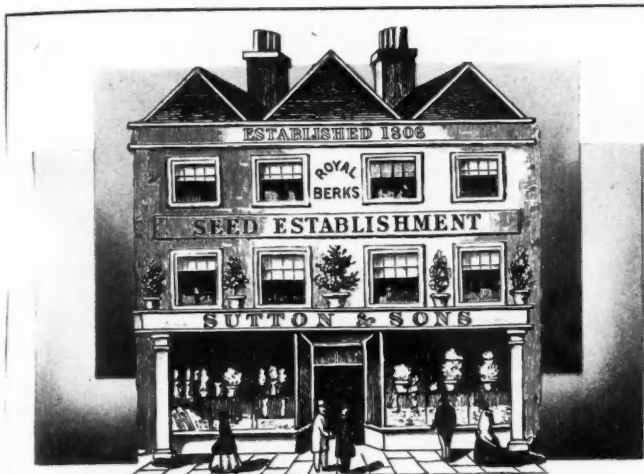
## BOOKS EXPECTED

*The Century of Science*, by Mr. Sherwood Taylor, and Sir Almoth Wright's *Prolegomena to the Logic which Searches for Truth* are both due in a few days from Messrs. Heinemann.

Miss Elizabeth Bowen's short stories *Look at All Those Roses* and Miss Phyllis Bentley's new novel *Manhood* come from Messrs. Gollancz next week. Short stories by Miss Pearl S. Buck, *To-day and Forever*, are to be published by Messrs. Macmillan at the end of the month.

## THE AIR FORCE IN PICTURES

With his genius for turning a phrase Mr. Churchill has for ever epitomised a nation's gratitude to its gallant airmen—never have so many owed so much to so few. We owe them more than gratitude: unless we make it our business to learn all we can, or are permitted to know, about their daily lives, the machines they fly, the different tasks they have to perform, we shall never appreciate the difficulties and dangers they have to meet. *The Royal Air Force in Pictures* (Country Life, 5s.), prepared by Major Oliver Stewart, the editor of *Aeronautics* and a leading authority on every aspect of flying, gives one that knowledge in full measure. Considering the restrictions necessarily imposed by the censorship, it contains a surprising amount of information. Its hundred plates illustrate no fewer than forty types of aircraft in constant use. The pictures could not have been better chosen or produced, and the full descriptions accompanying them strike just the right balance between the technical and what it interests the layman to know,



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on Active Service  
NOW!**

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# THE ESTATE MARKET

## THE LESSONS OF LAST YEAR

**M**ANY useful hints may be picked up from the details given in the annual reports of agents, of their experiences in the past year. The outstanding facts are the increasing appreciation of real estate as an investment, and the importance of having an inventory of chattels as well as an independent estimate of the condition and value of premises, whether in town or country. Comment on the compensation scheme now going through Parliament is restrained, and, although the principle is warmly welcomed, it is clear that amendments are deemed advisable, both as regards the liability for and the amount of contributions, and the mode of settling claims. Unquestionably the existence of a compensation fund will have a stabilising influence on real estate and will remove one of the causes of uneasiness that have operated against property since the outbreak of the war. For some time to come it may be expected that the main flow of money into real estate purchases will be more to rural than urban propositions, but both offer possibilities to the spirited purchaser.

### HARRODS ESTATE OFFICES

**T**HE outlook for residential property in rural districts is one of the matters touched on by Mr. Frank D. James, the manager of Messrs. Harrods Estate Offices, in his informative and suggestive review of business in 1940, and he says,



SHORNE HILL, NEAR TOTTON

in passing, that "the illustration of such freeholds in COUNTRY LIFE week by week, in the agency's announcements in the Supplementary pages, produces a steady flow of fruitful enquiries, and if 'Arbiter' refers to any particular property or mentions sales, an even more direct result is traceable."

Mr. James goes on: "A satisfactory proportion of the properties entrusted to Messrs. Harrods Estate Offices in 1940 was dealt with on terms favourable to their clients. This applies equally to sales and lettings, and to purchases on behalf of individuals and commercial and professional concerns."

The public has grown accustomed to the expression "for emergency accommodation," and the wisdom of securing such accommodation outside London has been only too plainly seen in recent weeks. The prevalent impression that a reasonable degree of safety can be had within even a few miles of the large centres has enabled the Agency to effect sales or arrange leases of every type of country property, notably those in the home counties. Many of the sales effected by Messrs. Harrods Estate Offices in 1940 were unaffected by any consideration of nearness to a large centre, being to buyers who were able to enjoy the comparative peacefulness of the West Country or the Welsh mountains and coast.

Auctions were not numerous in 1940, but the majority of the properties submitted at Brompton Road changed hands under the hammer, again proving the efficacy of this mode of sale. The private disposal of property has been facilitated by the adoption to a limited extent of the system of stated terms of sale or letting. Where clients were able to allow Messrs. Harrods Estate Offices to fix and announce terms, useless journeys were avoided by would-be purchasers or lessees, at a time when travel, and indeed every mode of communication, was impaired.

Serving two favourite residential areas, happily not too much of a target of enemy action, their branches at Byfleet and Haslemere have proved of special utility in connection with the provision of war-time quarters. Working, like the Head Office in Brompton Road, with staffs much reduced owing to the response to the call of duty with the fighting Services and the defensive and precautionary organisations, the offices have helped to solve knotty problems for their clients, especially those who wanted comfortable modern houses with from an acre upwards.

Prices of these properties are rising, but, so far as can be foreseen, might be a remunerative venture for re-sale, as there cannot be much rebuilding or new building in country districts for a long while to come. It would seem, indeed, reasonable to regard any purchase of such freeholds at present, if made on sound expert advice, as commendable from the standpoint of investment.

Probably the principal property investment of the day is agricultural land, and some of Harrods sales, especially that of an extensive manor on the Upper Thames, gave proof of it. Another riverside freehold merits mention, namely, Cariad, a house that not many years ago cost over £50,000 to build, while the dispersal of the contents took three days. The Trevor Square Galleries have recorded improving prices for furniture and artistic objects, and the expert staff has had almost more than it

more than ever the necessity of having a fully priced inventory of their furniture, works of art, etc., and this volume of business has been considerably increased of late months.

"The management of large blocks of London and other properties continues to form a large part of our business, and with the ever-increasing legislation and restrictions, it becomes more and more important that such should be in expert hands who can generally effect economies in management which will more than cover the fees charged. While a large number of the members of the staff are with the armed forces, the firm is maintaining all departments of the business at 6, Arlington Street, St. James's."

### THE FUTURE OF FARMING

**L**OOKING back at the closing year, it is possible" (say Messrs. John D. Wood and Co.) "to find elements of satisfaction in regard to real estate. The conditions in that market, as in everything else, have been without precedent. Well defined periods of optimism about the general outlook have alternated with periods of foreboding, and these have had their effect on the requirements of vendors and purchasers, as well as tenants of every type of property. It may be recalled that in the latter half of 1939, well before the Declaration of War, a strong movement had begun to obtain emergency accommodation, for residential, commercial and professional use, by occupiers of London property. Some months of freedom from any real alarm about air raids resulted in a change of mind, and there was more than a talk of the exodus having been overdone and needless, and an inward flow both of private residents and firms began again. Unexpected events in the international sphere enabled the enemy to embark on violent air attacks on this country. Serious destruction of life and property ensued, and the impulse to retain or obtain accommodation away from London received new strength, and the extension of enemy activity to certain great provincial centres has lately intensified the quest for quarters that seem to promise comparative safety. At the present time Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. can make good use of any offers of large houses away from industrial centres."

"The paramount factor in real estate affairs in 1940 is the scheme of compensation for owners of property that has been damaged by enemy action."

"Messrs. John D. Wood and Co.'s transactions in regard to farms this year amount to a very large sum according to their published announcements, and these include only a relatively small portion of the sales and purchases."

"Residential properties have been in very fair demand, even in the areas most affected by enemy action, but prices and rents have reflected the adverse influences of restricted spending power on anything but the absolutely necessary. London property of every class has suffered from the direct and indirect consequences of what has been well called the Battle of London. No improvement can be anticipated until that trouble is over, but in the meantime buyers and tenants may pick up profitable bargains in sites, houses and commercial premises. Frankly, however, owners will not get any encouragement from Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. to part with what, in due course (and, all will hope soon), should revert to its original, and perhaps even a higher, level of values."

"Sporting properties have mostly been a closed book, owing to the recently introduced veto on what are rightly or wrongly regarded as luxury tenancies, but a good many Scottish and other estates have, nevertheless, been dealt with during the year, and the opportunities for spirited and far-seeing buyers or lessees are really tempting."

### THE AYNHO ESTATE

**I**N the recent sale of the Aynho Estate the agents for Mr. R. F. W. Cartwright, the vendor, were Messrs. G. Trollope and Sons of 25, Mount Street, who are to be congratulated on perhaps the most important transaction in the Estate Market of the past twelve months. The agents for the purchaser were Messrs. John D. Wood.

Shorne Hill, near Totton, in a very quiet situation on the edge of the New Forest, is something unusual in houses. It was built in 1908 in the South African style—white plastered walls, windows with shutters, pantiled roofs, and the characteristic central gable. It stands in 20 acres of pretty timbered grounds and faces south, with twelve bed and dressing rooms (all with h. and c. basins), three bathrooms, and four sitting-rooms, besides a four-roomed flat. Messrs. George Trollope and Sons of 25, Mount Street offer the property for sale, or to be let unfurnished during the war period, the owner being the purchaser to whom the same firm recently sold the Ashe Warren estate, Overton, referred to in these notes of January 4th.

ARBITER.

could cope with of valuations for insurance, and reports on war damage and requisitioned premises.

### OWNERS DISINCLINED TO SELL

**M**ESSRS. HAMPTON AND SONS say "Purchases of country properties have been mainly confined to business houses anxious to preserve their records and accommodate staffs where work may be carried on with the minimum of interruption. The private buyer has come more to the fore only during the past few months following London's heavy bombing. Higher prices have resulted and the demand still grows; great difficulty is now experienced in finding suitable houses in the so-called 'safer areas.' Many would-be sellers have been obliged to refuse good offers owing to difficulty in finding other accommodation. A number of large houses have been let for institutional and scholastic purposes, and the demand far exceeds the supply."

"A few landed estates have been sold and purchased, including Coldrey House, Bentley, Blackdown House estate, Surrey, and the Watergate estate, Sussex, but owners generally show little inclination to sell in spite of heavy taxation."

"With regard to London residential properties it has been a difficult year, as was to be expected, and sales have been greatly restricted owing to enemy action. There has been a fair demand for furnished and unfurnished flats at reduced rentals and usually on short tenancies."

"A new class of business has arisen in the settling of war damage claims, a very large number of which have been placed in our hands."

"A very active and successful year has been experienced by the furniture and valuation department. Several important auctions of furniture have taken place and proved very successful. Prices generally show an all-round increase which is likely to be maintained. The public are realising



### NOTABLE NUMBERS

7, FERRY ROAD, TOPSHAM. The House of Sir William Follett, born 1798, famous Attorney-General who, being paralysed, addressed the House of Commons from a high chair.

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A few drops sprinkled on the handkerchief give a powerful but pleasant antiseptic vapour which, when breathed occasionally into the nose and throat, effectively clears the mucous membranes. Cold and 'flu germs are air-borne invaders entering your unguarded nose and throat, but you will be protected if you use Vapex regularly.

But if you haven't taken precautions and now have a cold, start using Vapex at once. Breathe the vapour frequently to destroy the germ colonies. You will benefit immediately, too, because Vapex relieves head stuffiness and eases respiration by clearing the bronchial passages. Vapex penetrates far beyond the reach of ordinary remedies, clearing the mucus-laden passages as it goes.

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Rat Destruction and Prevention.





# DRESSING THE SCHOOLGIRL

By ISABEL CRAMPTON

**T**HE one part of the community which cannot economise very drastically in the matter of clothes is the child part; arms and legs insist on getting longer, and chests and shoulders on growing broader, and, in spite of the sensible way in which many of the best shops allow deep hems for turning down and extra stuff at seams for letting out, the day comes when garments have to be replaced. That being so, and at least a little new outfitting being necessary now before school begins again, I have chosen some ideas for younger people to illustrate this week.

Most of the big girls' schools have their uniforms, of course, though there is an admirable tendency at the moment to shorten those lists of "Clothes Required" that used to make mothers and nurses despair both from the point of view of cost and from that of marking. On the whole, I agree with school uniforms as practical and democratic wear, but I have found that they tend to discourage in their wearers, as they grow on into their teens, any real understanding of how to choose or wear their clothes. From that point of view I think it is very wise to allow older girls to choose, if possible, their best clothes for themselves, and the pretty flared skirt shown in the photograph at the top of the page, with its smart high waistline and lower beltline, will appeal to many of them. Worn with a short-sleeved shirt in a light woollen material,



(Left) Single and double breasted versions of a neat suit for young girls in a smooth-faced woollen material in mingled brown and yellow

(Above) In a soft blue this coat and skirt will serve well for the schoolgirl of any age

(Below) Flared skirt, with narrow belt and short sleeved woollen blouse, suggested for the older schoolgirl.



with or without a pattern, it will charm a young wearer with its suggestion of being a version of what her elders are wearing.


The photograph above shows a coat and skirt designed for a girl of about the same age or younger. Its neat, workmanlike lines, unexaggerated yet smart, make it an excellent suggestion—even in the critical boarding-school world—for Sunday wear in the colder part of the year, and it will not too quickly go out of fashion.

The two little sisters in the other picture are considerably younger; their suits are carried out in a smooth-surfaced light woollen material in brown with a yellow line in it, and with brown buttons, hats and handbags they look very well turned-out. I would call your attention to the pleasant simplicity of the design of the little suits, which rely for their smartness on excellent material and tailoring and to the fact that both single and double breasted versions are illustrated. I like the single-breasted design best, but for some children the other would be far more becoming, and in either I think a young wearer is very likely to keep tidy and presentable, for there is nothing to get disarranged or to slip out of place.

In this connection the sales should prove useful, and I found in the catalogue of Messrs. Debenham and Freebody (Wigmore Street, W.1), two pages of very taking clothes for the younger wearer, dresses for schoolgirls, and coats, and coats and skirts, frocks for tinies, and shoes for all.



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**SOUTH KENSINGTON HOTEL.**  
South Kensington, S.W.7.  
**WALDORF HOTEL.**  
Aldwych, W.C.2.  
**WASHINGTON HOTEL.**  
Curzon Street, W.1.  
**WILTON HOTEL.**  
Victoria, S.W.1.

### BEDFORDSHIRE

**BEDFORD**  
SWAN HOTEL.  
**BLETCHLEY.**  
THE FALCON INN.  
**FATON SOCON.**  
YE OLDE WHITE HORSE.

### BERKSHIRE

**ABINGDON.**  
CROWN AND THISTLE HOTEL.  
**ASCOT.**  
BERYSIDE HOTEL.  
**PRAY-ON-THAMES**  
THE HIND'S HEAD HOTEL.  
**READING.**  
GEORGE HOTEL.  
**SONNING.**  
WHITE HART HOTEL.  
**WINDSOR.**  
THE "WHITE HART," WINDSOR LTD.

### CAMBRIDGESHIRE

**CAMBRIDGE**  
UNIVERSITY ARMS HOTEL.  
**WHITLESFORD.**  
RED LION HOTEL.

### CHESHIRE

**CHESTER.**  
GROSVENOR HOTEL, Eastgate Street.  
**HOYLAKE.**  
ROYAL HOTEL.

### CORNWALL

**RUDE.**  
THE GRENVILLE HOTEL (RUDE) LTD.  
**FALMOUTH.**  
FALMOUTH HOTEL.  
**HELFORD PASSAGE**  
(near Falmouth).  
THE FERRY BOAT INN.  
**POLPERRO, LOOE.**  
NORFOLK & CROSSIES INN.

### Cornwall—continued.

**ST. IVES.**  
TREGENNA CASTLE HOTEL.  
**ST. MAWES.**  
SHIP AND CASTLE HOTEL.  
**TINTAGEL.**  
KING ARTHUR'S CASTLE HOTEL.

### CUMBERLAND

**CARLISLE.**  
CROWN AND MITRE HOTEL.  
**GLENRIDDING, PENRITH.**  
ULSWATER HOTEL.  
**KESWICK (English Lakes).**  
ROYAL OAK HOTEL.  
**LOWESWATER.**  
SCALE HILL HOTEL.

### DEVONSHIRE

**BANTHAM (near Kingsbridge).**  
THE SLOOP INN.  
**BARNSTAPLE.**  
IMPERIAL HOTEL.  
**BELSTONE (DARTMOOR).**  
CHERRY TREES.  
**RIGBURY BAY.**  
BURGH ISLAND HOTEL.  
**BOVEY TRACEY.**  
BLENHEIM GUEST HOUSE.  
**BUDLEIGH SALTERN.**  
ROSEMULLION HOTEL.  
**CULLUMPTON.**  
CULLUMPTON HOTEL.  
**DARTMOUTH**  
RALEIGH HOTEL.  
STRETE, MANOR HOUSE HOTEL.  
**EXETER.**  
ROUEMONT HOTEL.  
**HARTLAND.**  
QUAY HOTEL.  
**HAYTOR, NEWTON ABBOT.**  
MOORLAND HOTEL.  
PINCHAFORD FARM.  
**HORNS CROSS (N. DEVON).**  
HOOPS INN.  
**KINGSWEAR (S. DEVON).**  
RIVERSIDE PRIVATE HOTEL.  
Phone 32 Kingswear.  
**LEE**  
LEE BAY HOTEL.  
**LIFTON.**  
THE ARUNDELL ARMS.  
**LYNTON.**  
ROYAL CASTLE HOTEL.  
**MODBURY (S. DEVON).**  
MODBURY INN HOTEL.  
**NORTH BOVEY**  
(near Moretonhampstead).  
MANOR HOUSE HOTEL.  
**NORTHAM—Westward Ho!**  
CLEVELANDS HOTEL.  
**PAIGNTON**  
KEDCLIFFE HOTEL.  
**SEATON (S. DEVON).**  
CHATEAU TRIANON.  
**SHALDON (near Teignmouth).**  
THE ROUND HOUSE HOTEL.  
**SIDMOUTH.**  
FORTFIELD HOTEL.  
KNOWLE HOTEL LTD.  
VICTORIA HOTEL.  
CEDAR SHADE HOTEL.  
**TORQUAY.**  
DEAN-PRIOR HOTEL, St. Marks Road.  
GRAND HOTEL.  
IMPERIAL HOTEL.  
LIVERMEAD HOUSE HOTEL.  
PALACE HOTEL.  
TORBAY HOTELS, LTD., Torbay Road.  
**WOOLACOMBE BAY (N. DEVON).**  
WOOLACOMBE BAY HOTEL.  
**YELVERTON.**  
MOORLAND LINKS HOTEL.

### DORSETSHIRE

**CHARMOUTH.**  
THE COCK.  
**SHAFESBURY**  
COOMBE HOUSE HOTEL.  
**SHERBORNE.**  
DIBBY HOTEL.  
**STUDLAND BAY.**  
KNOLL HOUSE HOTEL.

### DURHAM

**DURHAM.**  
ROYAL COUNTY HOTEL.

### ESSEX

**FRINTON-ON-SEA.**  
BEACH HOTEL.

### GLOUCESTERSHIRE

**GLOUCESTER.**  
NEW COUNTY HOTEL, Southgate Street.  
**TREWESBURY.**  
ROYAL HOP HOTEL.

### HAMPSHIRE

**BROCKENHURST.**  
FOREST PARK HOTEL.  
**BOURNEMOUTH.**  
BRANKSOME TOWER HOTEL.  
CARFORD CLIFFS HOTEL.  
CARLTON HOTEL.  
GRAND HOTEL.  
HIGHLIFFE HOTEL.  
NORFOLK HOTEL.  
**BOURNEMOUTH (Sandbanks).**  
THE HAVEN HOTEL.  
**LIPHOOK.**  
ROYAL ANCHOR HOTEL.  
**LYNDHURST.**  
CROWN HOTEL.  
**NEW MILTON.**  
GRAND MARINE HOTEL,  
BARTON-ON-SEA.  
**ODHAM.**  
GEORGE HOTEL.  
**SOUTHSEA.**  
SANDRINGHAM HOTEL.  
**STONE CROSS**  
(near Lyndhurst).  
COMPTON ARMS HOTEL.  
**WINCHESTER.**  
ROYAL HOTEL.

### HEREFORDSHIRE

**HEREFORD**  
HOP POLE HOTEL.  
**ROSS-ON-WYE (near).**  
MOUNT CRAIG HOTEL.  
**ROSS-ON-WYE.**  
ROYAL HOTEL.

### HERTFORDSHIRE

**BUSHEY.**  
BUSHEY HALL HOTEL.  
**LITTLE GADDESSEN.**  
BRIDGWATER ARMS HOTEL.  
**ROYSTON.**  
BANNERS HOTEL.  
**WELWYN GARDEN CITY.**  
GUESSEN'S COURT HOTEL.

### HUNTINGDONSHIRE

**HUNTINGDON.**  
GEORGE HOTEL.  
**ST IVES.**  
GOLDEN LION HOTEL.

### ISLE OF WIGHT

**SHANKLIN.**  
SHANKLIN TOWERS HOTEL.

### KENT

**DOVER (St. Margarets' Bay).**  
THE GRANVILLE HOTEL.  
**FOLKESTONE.**  
BURLINGTON HOTEL.  
**HYTHE.**  
THE HOTEL IMPERIAL.  
**IGHTHAM.**  
TOWN HOUSE.  
**SEVENOAKS, RIVERHEAD.**  
THE AMHERST ARMS HOTEL.  
**TUNBRIDGE WELLS.**  
WELLINGTON HOTEL.  
**WESTERHAM.**  
KING'S ARMS HOTEL.

### LANCASHIRE

**SOUTHPORT.**  
VICTORIA HOTEL.  
**ST. ANNES-ON-SEA.**  
GRAND HOTEL.

### LINCOLNSHIRE

**GRANTHAM.**  
ANGEL AND ROYAL HOTEL.  
GEORGE HOTEL.  
**HOLBEACH.**  
CHEQUERS HOTEL.  
**LINCOLN.**  
WHITE HART HOTEL.  
**STAMFORD.**  
GEORGE HOTEL.

### MONMOUTH

**LANGIBBY.**  
COURT BLEDDYN.

### NORFOLK

**FLAKENEY.**  
BLAKENEY HOTEL.  
**CROMER.**  
GRAND HOTEL.  
**HUNSTANTON.**  
LE STRANGE ARMS GOLF LINKS HOTEL.  
GOLDEN LION HOTEL.

### NORTHAMPTONSHIRE

**POTTERINGHAY.**  
MANOR FARM COUNTRY HOTEL.  
**KETTERING.**  
GEORGE HOTEL.  
**PETERBOROUGH.**  
ANGEL HOTEL.  
BULL HOTEL.

### NOTTINGHAMSHIRE

**NR. RETFORD.**  
BARNBY MOOR. YE OLDE BELL HOTEL.

### OXFORDSHIRE

**MINSTER LOVELL.**  
THE OLD SWAN.  
**OXFORD.**  
RANDOLPH HOTEL.

### SHROPSHIRE

**CHURCH STRETTON.**  
THE HOTEL.

### SOMERSET

**ALLERFORD, MINEHEAD.**  
HOLNICOTE HOUSE HOTEL.  
**BATE.**  
LANSDOWN GROVE HOTEL.  
LANSDOWN HOTEL,  
BROCKHAM END.  
**EXFORD (near Minehead).**  
CROWN HOTEL.  
**HOLFORD.**  
ALFOXTON PARK HOTEL (closed during the war).  
**MINEHEAD.**  
BEACH HOTEL.  
HOTEL METROPOLIS.  
**TAUNTON.**  
CASTLE HOTEL.

### STAFFORDSHIRE

**ECCLESHALL (near).**  
BISHOPS OFFLEY MANOR, GUEST HOUSE.  
**UTTOXETER.**  
WHITE HART HOTEL.

### SUFFOLK

**ALDEBURGH-ON-SEA.**  
WHITE LION HOTEL.  
**BURY ST. EDMUNDS.**  
ANGEL HOTEL.  
**BARTON MILLS**  
(near Bury St. Edmunds).  
THE BULL INN.  
**FELIXSTOWE.**  
FELIX HOTEL.  
**SOUTHWOLD.**  
GRAND HOTEL.

### SURREY

**CHURT (near Farnham).**  
FRESHAM POND HOTEL.  
**GODALMING.**  
THE LAKE HOTEL.  
**GUILDFORD (near).**  
NEWLANDS CORNER HOTEL.  
**HASLEMERE.**  
GEORGIAN HOTEL.  
**KINGWOOD (WARREN).**  
KINGWOOD PARK GUEST HOUSE.  
**PEASLAKE (near Guildford).**  
HURTWOLD HOTEL.  
**SANDERSTEAD.**  
SELSDON PARK HOTEL.  
**WEYBRIDGE.**  
OATLANDS PARK HOTEL.  
**WIMBLEDON.**  
SOUTHDOWN HALL HOTEL.

### SUSSEX

**BRIGHTON.**  
NORFOLK HOTEL.  
OLD SHIP HOTEL.  
**BRIGHTON (SALTDEAN).**  
OCEAN HOTEL.  
**CROSS-IN-HAND.**  
POSSINGWORTH PARK HOTEL.  
**CROWBOROUGH.**  
CREST HOTEL. Tel. 394.  
THE BEACON HOTEL.  
**EASTBOURNE.**  
ALEXANDRA HOTEL.  
BURLINGTON HOTEL.

### Sussex—continued.

**HASTINGS.**  
QUEEN'S HOTEL.  
**HOVE.**  
NEW IMPERIAL HOTEL.  
PRINCE'S HOTEL.  
DUDLEY HOTEL.  
**LEWES.**  
WHITE HART HOTEL.  
**PETWORTH.**  
SWAN HOTEL.  
**ROTHINGDEAN.**  
TUDOR CLOSE HOTEL.  
**ST. LEONARDS.**  
ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL.  
SUSSEX HOTEL.  
**WYCH CROSS (Forest Row).**  
THE ROEBUCK HOTEL.

### WARWICKSHIRE

**BIRMINGHAM.**  
NEW GRAND HOTEL.  
**STRATFORD-ON-AVON.**  
THE WILLIAM AND MARY HOTEL.

### WESTMORLAND

**AMBLESIDE.**  
THE QUEEN'S HOTEL.  
**GRASMERE.**  
PRINCE OF WALES LAKE HOTEL.  
**WINDERMERE.**  
LANGDALE CHASE HOTEL.  
RIGGS CROWN HOTEL.

### WILTSHIRE

**EAST EVERLEIGH.**  
MARLBOROUGH.  
THE CROWN HOTEL.  
**SALISBURY.**  
OLD GEORGE HOTEL.  
COUNTY HOTEL.

### WORCESTERSHIRE

**BROADWAY.**  
DORMY GUEST HOUSE.  
(Broadway Golf Club).  
THE LYGON ARMS.  
**DROITWICH SPA.**  
RAVEN HOTEL.

### YORKSHIRE

**BOROUGHBRIDGE.**  
THREE ARROWS HOTEL.  
**CATTERICK BRIDGE.**  
THE BRIDGE HOUSE HOTEL.  
**ILKLEY.**  
THE MIDDLETON HOTEL.  
**SCARBOROUGH.**  
ROYAL HOTEL.  
**SOUTH STANLEY**  
(near Harrogate).  
RED LION INN.  
**YORK.**  
YOUNG'S HOTEL, HIGH PETERGATE.

### IRELAND (EIRE)

**ENNISTYMON (Co. CLARE).**  
FALLS HOTEL.  
**LOUGH ARROW (Co. SLIGO).**  
HOLLYBROOK HOUSE HOTEL.  
**LUCAN (Co. DUBLIN).**  
SPA HOTEL.  
**WATERVILLE (Co. KERRY).**  
BAY VIEW HOTEL.  
BUTLER ARMS HOTEL.

### NORTHERN IRELAND

**BANGOR (Co. DOWN).**  
ROYAL HOTEL.  
**BELFAST.**  
GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL.  
**PORTRUSS.**  
SEABANK HOTEL.

### SCOTLAND

#### ARGYLLSHIRE

**KIMELFORD.**  
CULFAIL HOTEL.  
**LOCH AWE.**  
LOCH AWE HOTEL.  
**TOBERMORY (Isle of Mull).**  
WESTERN ISLES HOTEL.

### Scotland—continued.

#### FIFESHIRE

**ST. ANDREWS.**  
THE GRAND HOTEL.

#### INVERNESS-SHIRE

**CARRBRIDGE.**  
CARRBRIDGE HOTEL.  
**INVERNESS.**  
CALEDONIAN HOTEL.  
**ONICH.**  
CREAG-DHU HOTEL.  
**PORTREE.**  
PORTREE HOTEL.

#### KINCARDINESHIRE

**BANCHORY.**  
TOR-NA-COILLE HOTEL.

#### PERTHSHIRE

**BLAIR ATHOLL.**  
ATHOLL ARMS HOTEL.  
**GLENDEVON (near Gleneagles).**  
CASTLE HOTEL.  
Telephone: Muckhart 27.  
**PERTH.**  
WINDSOR RESTAURANT,  
38, St. John Street.

#### ROSS-SHIRE

**STRATHPEFFER.**  
SPA HOTEL.

#### SUTHERLANDSHIRE

**LAIRG.**  
ALTAHARRA HOTEL.  
**SCOURIE.**  
HOTEL SCOURIE.

#### WIGTOWNSHIRE

**STRANRAER.**  
AULD KING'S ARMS.

#### WALES

**CAPEL CURIG.**  
TYN-Y-COED HOTEL.  
**DOLGELLEY.**  
GOLDEN LION ROYAL HOTEL.  
**LLANGOLLEN.**  
THE HAND HOTEL.  
**SAUNDERSFOOT, TENBY.**  
ST. BRIDES HOTEL.

#### FOREIGN HOTELS

#### CEYLON

**COLOMBO.**  
GALLE FACE HOTEL.  
**KANDY.**  
QUEEN'S HOTEL.

#### JAPAN

**KOBE.**  
ORIENTAL HOTEL.

#### SOUTH AFRICA

**KENYA COLONY (THIKA).**  
BLUE POSTS HOTEL.